THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1749

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JULY 29, 1933

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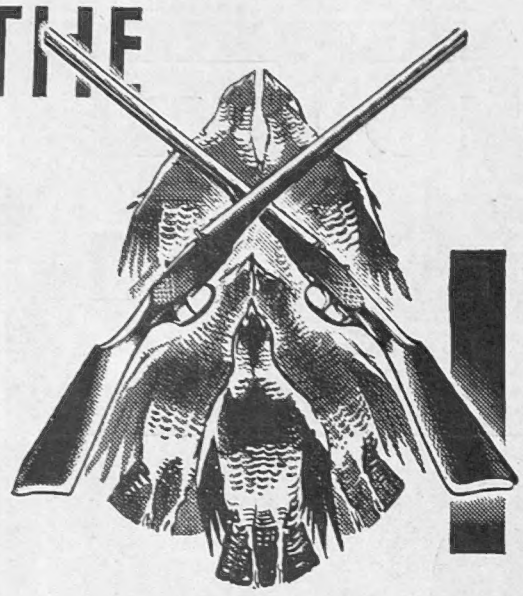

THE 12TH

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P.M.
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7.30 AB Oban.
7.40 AB Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.
8.0 A Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour. Turnberry.
9.15 Glasgow (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
11.0 Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.

A.M.
12.35 "The Night Scot"—Dumfries, Glasgow. Kilmarnock E.

SUNDAYS

P.M.
7.20 B Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30 B Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30 Dumfries, Stranraer, Turnberry.
9.30 Glasgow (Cent.).
11.0 Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Oban.

A.M.
12.35 "The Night Scot"—Dumfries, Glasgow, Kilmarnock E.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays excepted.* **B** *Dining Car Euston to Crewe.*
E *First Class Sleeping Cars only to Kilmarnock.*

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS AND SUNDAYS

P.M.
*7.25 R "The Highlandman." Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
*7.40 R "The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
†10.25 "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
†10.35 Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First class only and on Friday nights only.)

A.M.
§1.5 After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.

* *Nightly (except Saturdays).* † *Nightly.* § *Daily (except Sunday mornings).*
R *Restaurant Car King's Cross to York.*

FROM ST. PancRAS (LMS)

WEEKDAYS

P.M.
9.15 Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness.
9.30 Dumfries, Kilmarnock and Glasgow (St. Enoch).

SUNDAYS

P.M.
9.15 Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness.
9.30 Dumfries, Kilmarnock and Glasgow (St. Enoch).

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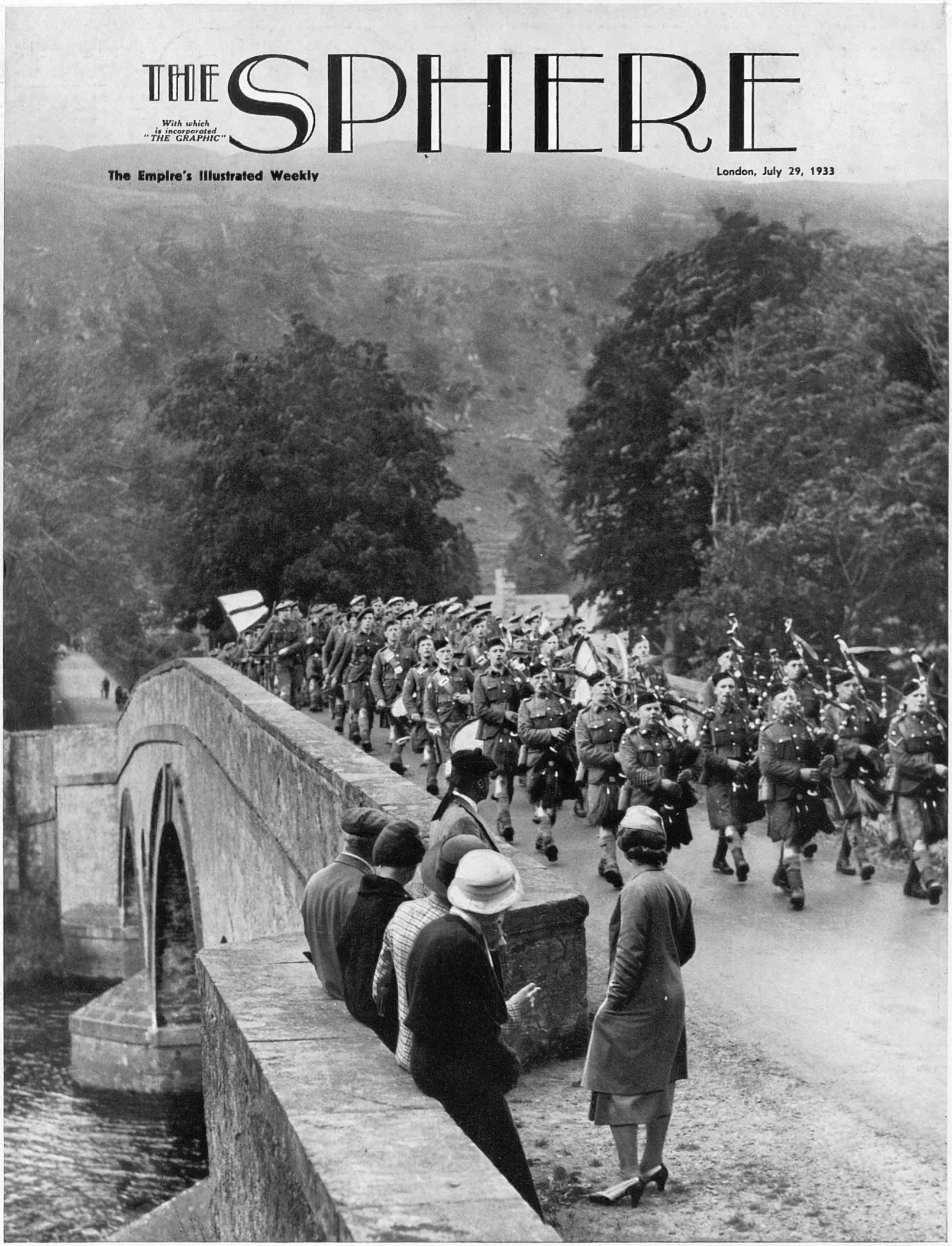
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 29, 1933



MARCHING THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS

The London Scottish Crossing the Old Bridge at Kenmore during their Fortnight in Central Scotland

On Monday of last week twenty officers and four hundred other ranks of the London Scottish set out on a 140-mile route march through the picturesque highlands of Perthshire. Starting at Stirling, they followed the road through Doune to Killin, at the head of Loch Tay. In the above picture the regiment is seen crossing the old bridge at Kenmore, which was reached after a trek of 16½ miles along the shores of the loch. The road here follows the lower slopes of Ben Lawers amid some of the most delightful scenery in central Scotland. Continuing its march the column passed through Aberfeldy and thence on to Dunkeld, the home of the Duke of Atholl, where Divine service was attended in the historic Cathedral Church. The regiment, which has had a wonderful reception in the Highlands, is due back in London during the week-end

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY: The King chatting with the clergy. Brilliant weather favoured the occasion and the Palace lawns, freshened by last week's rain, made a lovely setting for gay frocks and white toppers. Among the Royal guests was Princess Ingrid of Sweden who arrived with the Duke of Connaught

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 26, 1933.

THE GARDEN PARTY.—

The juxtaposition in a newspaper of photographs of the garden at Buckingham Palace and of a scene at Highland games reminded us with a shock that the London Season is all over bar the shouting. But the real summer is just beginning for the majority of mankind—the two months of (we hope) burning sunshine and long blue days which are best enjoyed by the seaside. And now the Garden Party is over and the privileged thousands who mingled with the great ones of the nations in Buckingham Palace gardens are sorting their impressions. Never was there so international an affair; the W.E.C. must at least be credited with one triumph—it brought the world's notables to London during a successful season, and on to the lawns of the Palace for our privileged inspection. London has but two great private gardens, the King's and Lady Ilchester's at Holland House, and the latter has the best opportunity for achieving a really rural atmosphere. But Aiton, who laid out the Royal garden for George IV, was a wizard, and some of his devices were genius. Thus, the ramp on the southern wall which shuts out the stabling and outbuildings and southern London's noise and towers is a real triumph of landscape gardening, and it is a pity that so few of the guests find their way to the gazebo on the top, thence to view the scene. The lake, too, is charming; the haunt of wild duck and rustic peace, it might be a bit of Cranborne Chase. In old days I remember scarlet boatmen took the guests for water trips in large barge-like craft with padded seats, both safe and comfortable, but that diversion no longer obtains.

THE KING ENJOYS A JOKE while waiting for the Queen. Her Majesty, who is seen round the bend in the lane of guests, used a parasol

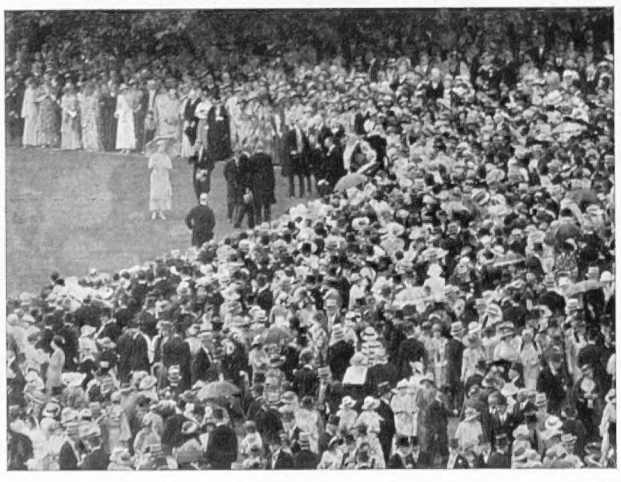
AND THAT'S THAT.—

But there are plenty left. The guests are free to roam, while they wait for their carriages, through a couple of great saloons and the long ground floor corridor of the Palace whose walls are loaded with Royal portraits bearing such startling resemblances to the princes in morning dress who mingle so informally with the guests on the lawn. So much for rank. And then there is fashion. At Lord's the young women wear their most sensational Ascot creations, whatever the weather. At the Palace (though the day was perfect and sweltering hot) they were far more discreetly attired. Indeed, the Garden Party is never a fashion parade. And then there is beauty. I wonder if others noticed that types of British beauty were as many and as remarkable *behind* the buffet in the tea tent as before it. Messrs. Lyons certainly made a remarkable selection from their rich resources, and there was hardly a waitress (Nippies every one!) who was not outstandingly pretty. Of the statesmen who have lately honoured London with their presence, I must award the palm to one from overseas—General Smuts. Every time I see him I am struck with his air of wisdom, distinction, and breeding which seems to grow with the years. Well, there it is. The last big function of the Season is over, and a very jolly and interesting finale it makes. The Season 1933 is chalked up and marked with a star. *Pereunt et imputantur.* And so to Goodwood, Cowes, and the high hills. The covey of fashion rises and scatters and Fleet Street fires two barrels after it.

GOODWOOD.—

Goodwood, the stepping stone to Cowes, is the last social fixture of the Season as Cowes is the first holiday fixture. It is prized among racegoers for the charm of its setting and for its comfortable lack of convention. Men wear bowlers and tweed suits, and the women aim at suitability rather than sensation. You lunch alfresco under the trees or beside your car, overlooking the Solent, with Chichester spire in the leafy flats below you. Only the first autumn meeting at Newmarket can compare with it. Ever since Goodwood races were instituted in the eighteenth century they have been an immensely popular social event, but it was due to the 5th Duke of Richmond, who become a Steward of the Jockey Club in 1831, that the meeting assumed a first-rate importance. He and Lord George Bentinck made Goodwood one of the chief events of the racing year. Before that, the Goodwood races were of more local interest and their management a matter of great concern to the local landowners—to the ducal proprietor at Goodwood, to Lord Egremont at Petworth, Mr. Poyntz at Cowdray, Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh at Up Park, the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel, and Lord Robert Spencer at Woolbeding. The real reason why the Sussex fortnight has always been so popular and so brilliant is that that blessed corner of Sussex enjoys the patronage of so many distinguished landowners who cling to their acres and are jealous of their traditions, and have kept in their own hands unchanged and intact the lands and buildings and treasures accumulated by their ancestors. Long may they survive to withstand the suburbanization of England!

THE QUEEN AND HER THREE UNMARRIED SONS: An interesting family group at last week's Buckingham Palace Garden Party



AN INVIOLABLE BARRIER: The white line on the lawns of Buckingham Palace beyond which only the Royal entourage may proceed

THE COPYRIGHT ACT.—

The recent announcement regarding His Majesty's rights under the Copyright Act to authorize or refuse publication of documents coming under the provisions of that Act is well timed, if not long overdue. For years quarrelsome generals and egotistic statesmen, seeking to establish their own reputations, have drawn on official documents and copyright-protected letters without so much as a by-your-leave. It is high time the banditry should cease. I wonder how many authors and editors are aware even now that they have no right at all to publish a two-hundred-year-old letter which has been constantly in the possession of their own family, without first seeking permission of the representative of the writer? A few years ago I published some newly unearthed Byron letters and the stages by which I secured permission from the representative of Byron's executors were

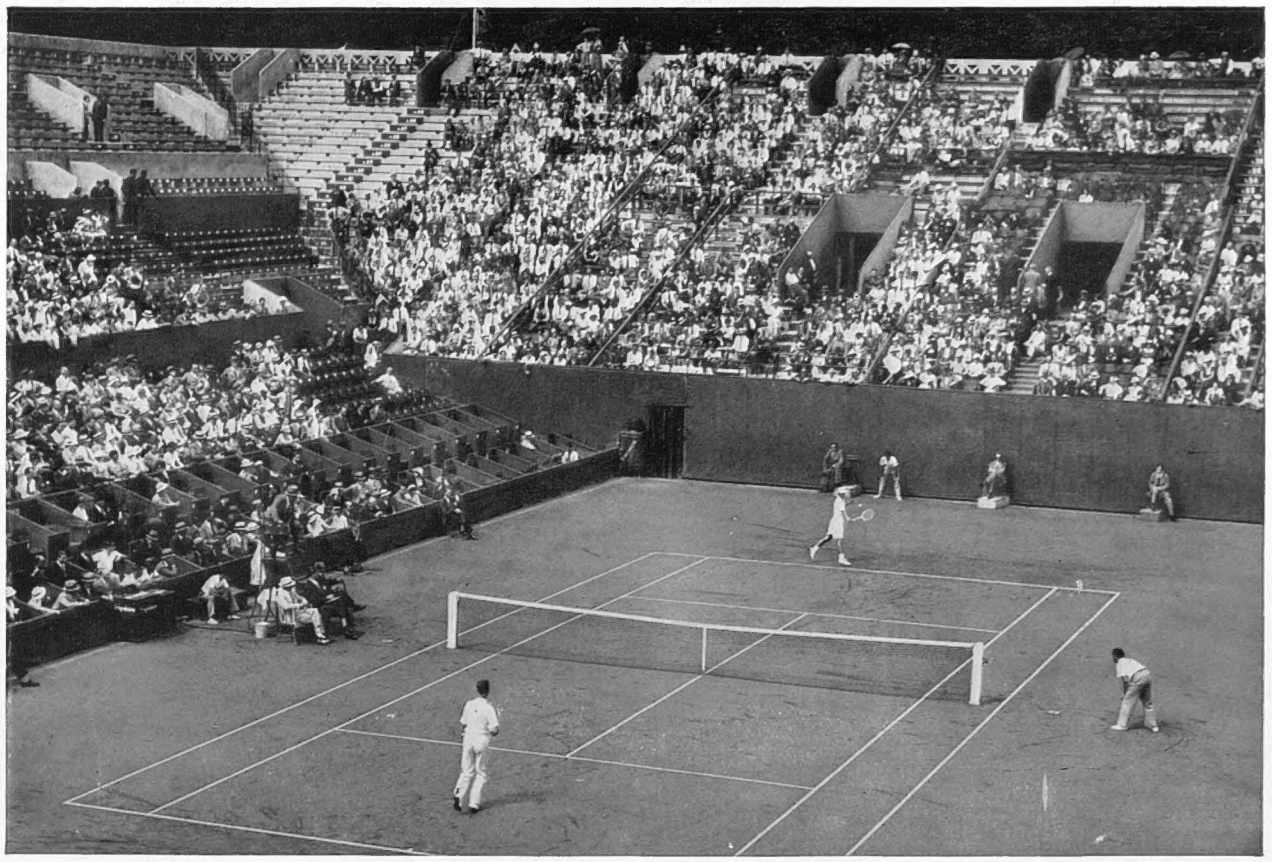
A LONDON NEWS-LETTER

elaborate and curious. More recently I have been seeking from countless representatives of the Whig statesmen of a century ago permission to publish letters from their great forbears. The younger men usually have not troubled to answer. All the elders have answered with kindness and a show of interest, but not a few expressed surprise that I should have paid them a courtesy which they had long ceased to expect from editors and authors.

INCORRIGIBLE WALL STREET.—Wall Street has learned no lesson from its recent humiliation. It has lately resumed gambling on rumour and fantastic hope, and the get-rich-quicks, the one-day millionaires who of late were begging the price of a luncheon, are determined once more to regain the honourable rank of million-dollar men—with the inevitable result. It must be a depressing spectacle for Mr. Roosevelt to find the material on which his hopes depend so volatile, so trivial, and so self-absorbed. There is not the smallest ground for optimism on the present scale, and bitter reactions are quite inevitable, bringing ruin in their train upon a million greedy gudgeon. It is inflation fever run riot. Commodity prices are being artificially forced up, a small proportion of the hideous tale of unemployed is about to be reabsorbed by grotesquely expensive expedients. *Ergo*, the boom is at hand and the crisis past and a good time coming for the live-wires. It is worse than a crime, it is child's play; and to-day New York has less claim than any capital in civilization to be treated seriously as a centre of international finance.

EXCHEQUER WINDFALLS.—Whether or not the tide has turned and a trade recovery begun, the record Post Office surplus announced last week is heartening reading. For the year ended March 31 last, the P.O. shows a surplus of nearly £11,000,000. As the expansion is largely evidenced in the Inland service, it is fair to judge that the trade position of this country is very much improved. This gigantic profit is in a sense untidy and the question is bound to arise again as to the desirability of reintroducing penny postage. If the P.M.G. dares to assert positively that a trade recovery has set in, the last argument against thus oiling the wheels of communication between seller and buyer is removed. The penny postage is no longer a risk but a clear act of policy, and the resulting expansion of business is likely to maintain the surplus while stimulating trade communications. At any rate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must feel an access of confidence. A P.O. surplus of £9,000,000 or more he budgeted for; but in the last fortnight, from death duties and other unforeseen sources, the Exchequer has benefited to the tune of something like £15,000,000. Something will no doubt be done soon to rationalize the telegraph section of the P.O. Inland telegraphy, as a means of communication, continues slowly but steadily to diminish in favour as telephonic services expand. The current deficit of nearly £1,000,000 suggests that this branch of the service should now come up for review and overhaul.

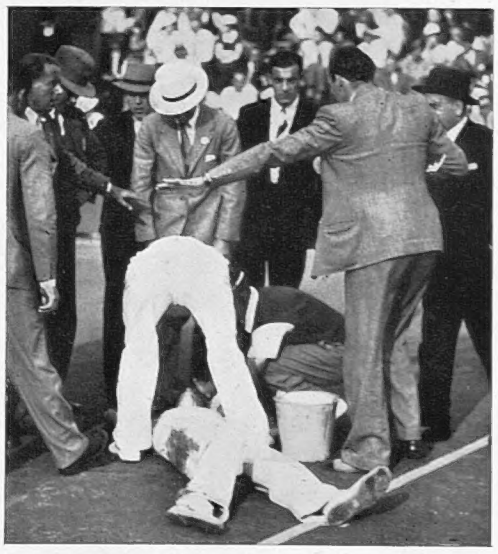
CHRISTIE MINSTRELS.—Mr. John Christie of Glyndebourne is very much in the news just now. He has designed and built a thoroughly up-to-date opera house as adjunct to his charming patchworked manor house under the Lewes Downs, and he intends each July to give a four weeks' season of grand opera in the Salzburg spirit. The finest available talent will be secured; Sir Thomas Beecham and the L.P.O. or the Viennese Orchestra will be approached, and the full rigours of a music-loving festival will be enforced. Thus the operas will start early—at 6 p.m. or so—and there will be long intervals for beer-drinking and refreshment in the gardens. The venture is not likely to pay, since the house holds but 300, but more intimate and informal concerts will keep the stalls warm in the off season. Mr. Christie has the means at hand to design his own sets and *décor*. He is a remarkable man, Mr. John Christie, and almost startlingly unconventional. He hales from Devonshire, is a grandson of a former Lord Portsmouth, and is fifty-one years old. He was for some years an usher at Eton, where he became famous for his originality. Later he manufactured organs, and has had a hand in a hundred projects and industries. And all the while Glyndebourne has grown under his hand. What more shall I say of him? He is extremely inventive, and his ideas range from identification marks for his washing to organ-stops and labour-saving devices. If his opera scheme sounds like a rich man's pleasure, it is none the less altruistic and admirable. The musical world welcomes such men.



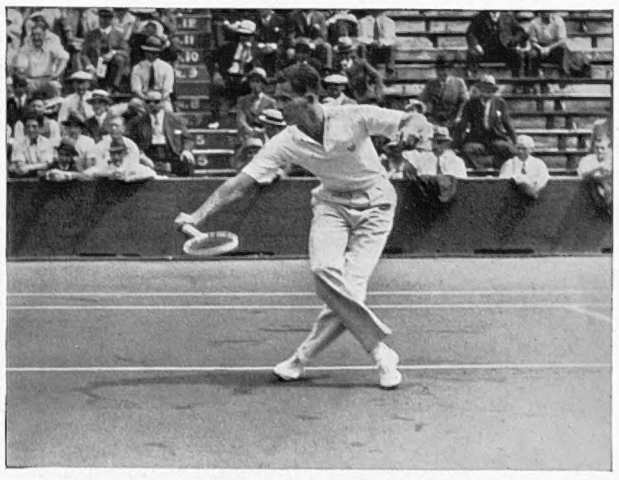
BRITAIN'S GREAT DAVIS CUP VICTORY: A general view of the match at Auteuil between Ellsworth Vines, the American champion, and H. W. Austin. The latter, playing in shorts, won in three straight sets by 6—1, 6—1, 6—4, and dominated the American throughout in every department of the game. His wonderful length surprised even his own admirers

A TENNIS SURPRISE.—Lawn tennis is gaining the reputation of cricket, as a game which is not lost till it is won, a game which plays havoc with established reputations. In old days it was rather an exact science. But nowadays, in the great international contests (with lawn tennis as with golf), "nerves" are a mighty factor in success and failure, and your tennis star has acquired the temperament, as he has been accorded the adulation and publicity proper to film stars. No one expected Austin to run Vines off his legs at Auteuil. The majority probably expected him to fall panting to the ground after a hard-fought start. But the unexpected happened. The world's No. 1 was made to figure as a "plater," and "Bunny" Austin gave Vines a tremendous licking. Who's Bunny now? But time soon corrects pride in this nerve-wracking business. The Gentlemen made a miserable showing against the Players; doubtless a stronger team of amateurs could have taken the field, but some of the best of the amateur players take the game rather light-heartedly, and are not always prepared to obey the Royal command to play. Certainly this particular fixture has lost much of its interest, and I daresay its days are numbered. As for the second Test, it has afforded a far more even struggle than was expected and the visitors are to be congratulated.

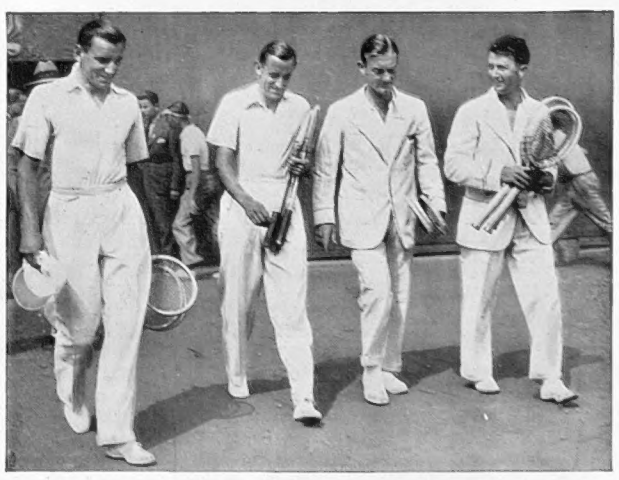
THE OLD STAGER



VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: The scene after Vines' tragic collapse which marred an exciting finish to the last of the Davis Cup Singles matches. Perry immediately rushed to the American's assistance and poured part of a bucket of water over him



VINES AT BAY: The American champion, hard pressed by Austin's magnificent length, makes an awkward return from the right-hand court. The match took only an hour to complete—a sure indication of the winner's devastating play



AMERICA'S ONLY VICTORY: F. J. Perry and G. P. Hughes (England) striding on to the court with George Lott and J. Van Ryn for last Sunday's Davis Cup Doubles match. The Americans won with comparative ease by 8—6, 6—4, 6—1

A RECORD of CURRENT EV

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY AMERICAN PILGRIMS, accompanied by Monsignor Gorman of Brooklyn, arrived in France last week on the liner *Champlain* and on Sunday visited the famous grotto at Lourdes. Some of the pilgrims are seen filling their flasks with holy water from the spring

IN THE GAINSBOROUGH STYLE: Lady Diana Wellesley, the eldest daughter of Clare Countess Cowley, was married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Daniel Dixon of the Grenadier Guards. The bridesmaids, who were dressed in the Gainsborough style, wore scarlet ribbons in their hair. At a first glance the reader might suppose that their heads were not covered in traditional fashion

THE REWARD OF MARKSMANSHIP: Officer-Cadet D. E. Woods of the Nottingham University O.T.C. chaired by spectators after his victory in the King's Prize at Bisley. Woods, who is only twenty-five years of age, comes from a family of marksmen. His father appeared in the final three times

SUSPECTED OF POACHING IN BRITISH WATERS: The skipper and crew of the French fishing trawler *Notre Dame de Lorette*, who were arrested and brought to Dover last week by the Fishery Protection cruiser, *Cherwell*

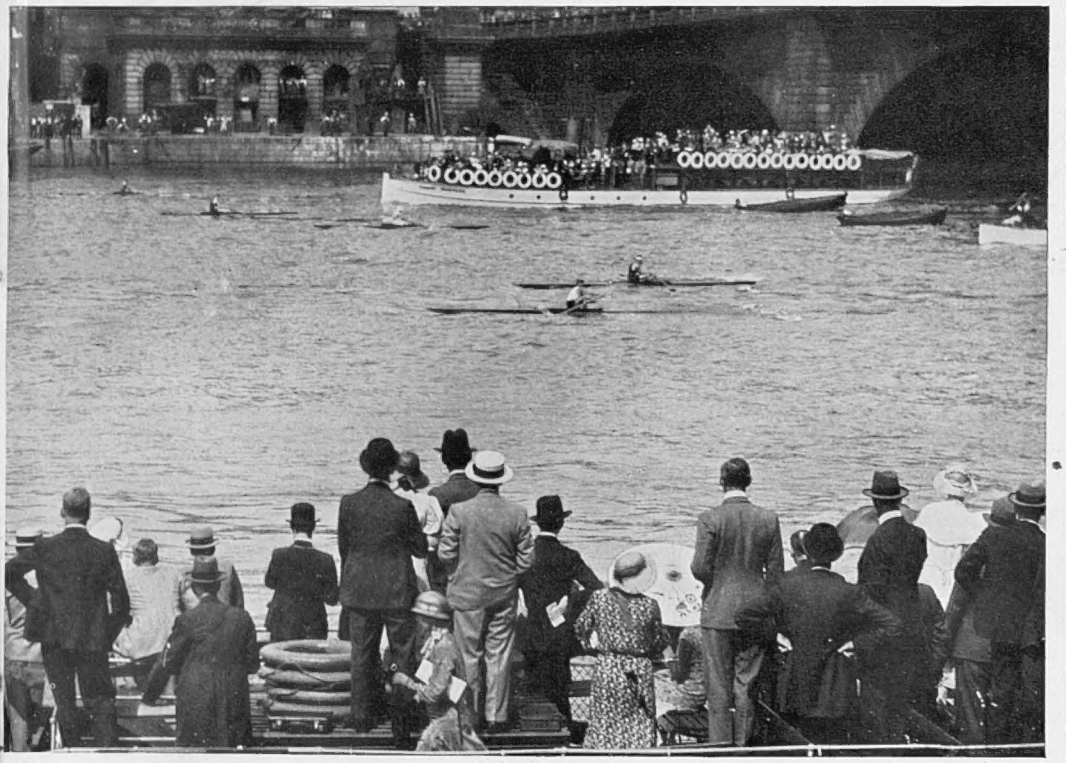
SHOOTING FOR THE KING'S PRIZE: Miss C. H. Rottenburgh, one of the five women entrants, seen on the range at Bisley during the first stage of the contest. Altogether there were over 1,000 competitors this year

MARCH OF THE MASONS: Sussex Freemasons takin after the Provincial Grand Master of Sussex had laid

ENTS at HOME and ABROAD

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN NORTHERN IRELAND: Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway, Miss Doris Greenaway, and (left) Captain H. Lecky at the Wishing Chair at the Giant's Causeway, Portrush, County Antrim. Sir Percy and his family visited Ireland to open the new bridge at Londonderry which has been named after Viscount Craigavon, the Prime Minister

A NATIONAL HERO: M. Georges Speicher, winner of the Tour de France, the gruelling twenty-seven day cycling contest, circling the Parc des Princes on his last lap. The race, which is one of the most valuable cycling events in the world, was described by Mr. Sisley Huddleston in last week's issue of *The Sphere*



THE 219th RACE FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE: The five competitors leaving London Bridge. The race was won by Eric Phelps, the son of "Bossie" Phelps and a brother of Ted Phelps, the world's sculling champion

IN DEFENCE OF GERMAN JEWRY: A view of last week's Jewish procession during its progress from the East End to Hyde Park where a great mass demonstration was held in protest against Chancellor Hitler's anti-Semitic activities in Germany. The procession took nearly an hour to pass the park gates

part in a procession through the streets of Pulborough the foundation stone of their new Masonic temple

BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ITALY: The first destroyer flotilla of the Mediterranean Fleet gathered in Trieste Harbour during their ten days' visit. They are accompanied by the *Revenge*, the *Royal Oak*, and the *Royal Sovereign*

THE MATCH IN PROGRESS: Colonel Beasley, Mr. Lightner, Sir Guy Domville, and Mr. Ely Culbertson playing in the Marathon bridge contest at Selfridge's last week

MARATHON BRIDGE

Behind the Scenes at the Great Six-Day Anglo-American Tournament—Ely Culbertson, Showman and Psychologist

By CHARLES GRAVES

During the six-day Anglo-American Bridge Tournament at Selfridge's, Ely Culbertson informed me that he had, on file, no fewer than 200 challenges for money matches. This week-end he is playing for £1,050 against Captain Lindsay Munday's team at the Savoy, with a return match for £3,500 to £1,750 if he loses the first. But after having been present at every session of the Culbertson-Beasley match I doubt very much whether he will receive any more genuine challenges from English teams.

There is no doubt about it. The Americans are infinitely better than we in calling slams. The knowledge they can impart to each other through their bids is, in fact, more exact by at least a queen, if not a king, than the communal information at which the English can arrive. Moreover, by one of those coincidences which occur sometimes, nearly all the big hands had to be played by East and West. This meant that Mr. George Morris and Mr. Tabbush had all the slam hands to call, and unfortunately they play the two club convention. As Ely Culbertson also said to me: "The two club call is atrocious, for it means that there are at least three intermediate bids which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Not one of the leading twenty-five bridge players in America uses it any more."

MRS. ELY CULBERTSON in thoughtful mood

Bridge players will perhaps be interested to hear that neither the English nor the Americans made use of the informative "Double a no-trump." Either they said nothing or they made a call of their own. They will also be interested to hear that the four-no-trump—five-no-trump convention worked like clockwork. For those who do not know this brilliant invention of Ely Culbertson, let me explain that instead of showing your aces one at a time in a presumptive slam bid, you call four no-trumps over your partner's bid if you have two aces and the king of a suit which has been bid. Your partner calls five no-trumps if he has the outstanding two aces, and you proceed merrily to your slam call. If he has not got the two aces he calls five of the lowest possible suit in which he thinks the hand can be played. The convention, therefore, supplies negative as well as positive information about slams, and it was on the treacherous foundation of slams that the American House of Cards was successfully erected. Bridge players will also be interested in a piece of bridge psychology which Culbertson disclosed to me. "When you are playing cards for either money or glory," he said, "you must treat yourself like a boxer in the ring. If an experienced boxer gets a sock on the jaw and feels groggy, he will get into a clinch. The novice will try for a hay-maker, and thus lay himself wide open. It is the same in bridge if you are behind on points as we were early on. The English were ahead 3,300 points. So I called a conference of the team and told them all to tighten up the game and play conservatively. We were rewarded almost at once, as you know. When the English fell behind they went out wildly for slams which were not there. That in a nutshell is why we won so comfortably. As card players they were excellent. As psychologists they were not so hot."

To take you behind the scenes of the great match, you must visualize an atmosphere like that of Zographos' inner room at Deauville at 5 a.m. with the same ring with the same plush ropes, the same group of a hundred spectators avidly watching the cards, but with a far slower rate of play. It was really a war of attrition with Culbertson always half-an-hour late for every session. Whether he "does it to annoy because he knows it teases," or whether it was due to the fact that he was trying in the intervals to complete his book on the match by the day after it was over (it is already on sale) I do not know. It certainly made the English team restive.

But when in the 154th hand his team passed the English score, his wisecracks ceased and he played grim, relentless bridge. On one occasion he forced the pace so much that in his room the quartette played eleven hands in an hour. This was because he had to do a transatlantic broadcast and the wireless hook-up all over the United States would not wait even for him. As the match continued, the Americans' superiority became more and more evident, and the match from being ballyhoo at the start nearly developed into farce. It reached a high note in tragi-comedy when Colonel Beasley failed to take his partner out of a two-heart call which was evidently informative, and the English went down 1,750 points. "It takes a great expert to go down seven tricks," was Culbertson's deservedly sarcastic, written comment on this hand.

Meantime, one of the strange things about the match was that you started to like Culbertson, as well as admiring his play. He is a brilliant showman—a sort of Walter Hagen of bridge. The physical and mental strain he was undergoing was terrific, and yet his manners (apart from his loquacity) were charming, once he ultimately came to the bridge table. Incidentally, as the match progressed he grew more and more sunburnt, although he never got to bed before 6 a.m., and he never seemed out of humour.

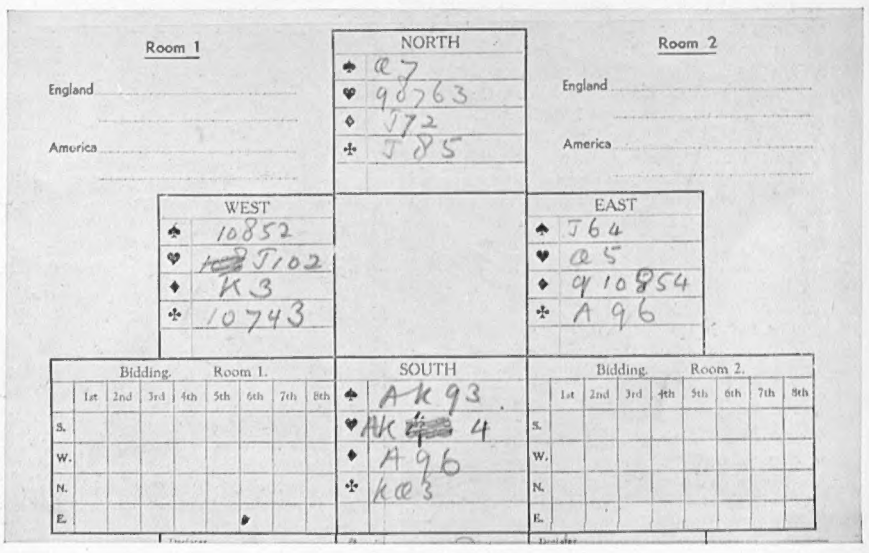
Lightner, his partner, is a thin young man with pale blue eyes, pince-nez, and an exaggerated Oxford (Ohio) drawl. His face was in complete control outside the card rooms, but twitched at frequent intervals during play. He looked as though he was about to have hay fever any minute; Gottlieb is like a slimmer Clarke Gable, and is considered by experts to be the best player on either side. Crockford's certainly thinks so. For Gottlieb, like Lightner, has helped himself frequently at that club. Mrs. Culbertson played better and better as the match continued, though she began disappointingly.

Of the English team George Morris, with his Old Reptonian tie, was the best gambler. Mr. Tabbush was the most nervous. Colonel "Pops" Beasley was the most distinguished-looking and usually the safest. Sir Guy Domville was the most brilliant in both play and bidding. He has a delightful smile and looks barely twenty-five, although I am assured he is nearly forty. Lady Rhodes, who came into the game in the last session for England, has the most charming face of any first-class woman player, and during her short visit to the table played the best hand of the match—making a grand slam after she had been doubled and redoubled when the small slam had been called.

In conclusion, the match was most valuable in proving the efficacy of the four-no-trump-five-no-trump convention, and also the necessity of going into training for matches of this sort just as though it were a Marathon race. As a titbit, here is the most engaging hand of the match. See whether you would make the only call which would result in a game both bid and called. It is not easy. Neither the English nor the Americans succeeded in doing it. South deals and opens the calling. And the joke of it is that only an incorrect call can be successful. Is there a moral?

At the same time it makes bridge a very wearisome game both to watch and to play. The knowledge that the same cards are going to be played by your opposing team mates makes it necessary to weigh up every possibility of attack as well as defence. In consequence the average number of hands played in an hour was about six. Incidentally, only eight hands were thrown in and only three grand slams were called and made out of the whole 300 hands played in duplicate. That is something to point out to any friend of yours who likes "going for slams." Moreover, statisticians say that it is the exact average, even among the best players in the world.

Perhaps it is time to explain how duplicate bridge is played. Nobody seems to have bothered to do so, and yet the scoring and everything else is totally different from "rubber" bridge. Well, there are cycles of four hands in each of the two rooms where the opposing pairs are playing. Each player in turn deals out a new pack of cards after it has been shuffled in the normal way. At the end of the four hands the cards are passed through a hatch from one room to the other, and the players of the opposing team must play the cards. So much for the duplication. The scoring begins normally enough. In the first hand neither side is vulnerable. But in the second, East and West are deemed vulnerable and North and South are not. In the third hand the opposite occurs, and in the fourth hand both sides are deemed vulnerable. There are no points for rubber, because there is no rubber. But you get 300 points for a non-vulnerable game and 500 points for a vulnerable game. Partial scores are doubled for the scoring above the line, but each hand must be played strictly on its own merits. In other words, you cannot get three clubs in the first game and two spades in the second and claim a game. All you have is a pair of partial scores. This places a premium on your ability to make your high bids accurately.



THE MOST ENGAGING HAND OF THE MATCH: Where an incorrect call, according to Mr. Culbertson, is the only means of bidding and making game. South deals and must open with a call of three no-trumps

TRIUMPH and DISASTER:

The Mollisons Leaving Pendine Sands on Their Ill-fated Transatlantic Record Bid

THE "SEAFARER" AT LAST TAKES THE AIR: After a wait of many weeks, occasioned first by an accident at Croydon and later by adverse weather conditions, Mr. and Mrs. Mollison set off on the first stage of their great record bid on Saturday. Following a successful take-off and an equally successful Atlantic crossing, ill-luck once again dogged the couple, and a forced landing at Bridgeport, Connecticut, resulted in disaster both for the 'plane and its co-pilots. Although not seriously injured, Mr. and Mrs. Mollison were taken to hospital, while the ill-fated *Seafarer* remained a crumpled wreck in the marshlands beyond the aerodrome

"THE BEST OF LUCK": An enthusiastic well-wisher bidding Mr. and Mrs. Mollison good-bye before the start of their flight. The crowd, however, was not so great on this occasion as it was during their first visit to Pendine. *Right*—Mrs. Mollison, her hair floating in the breeze, seen with one of her mascots before climbing into *Seafarer*

SIR HARRY BRITTAIN, his daughter, Miss Alida Brittain, and Miss Ann Grace at the opening of the display given at Hatfield Aerodrome by the Flying Club of the Royal Air Force Reserve. The originator of the club is Flying Officer R. E. G. Brittain, Sir Harry's son

LORD LONDONDERRY, Minister for Air, and Lady Londonderry at Hatfield Aerodrome. One of the primary objects of the club is to provide unlimited flying at a reasonable cost for past and present Service pilots

GALA DAY AT HATFIELD: Some members of the Royal Air Force Reserve Flying Club. The programme of events was a very full one and included a fly past by representatives of the R.A.F. Reserve flying schools as follows: Air Service Training Limited, Hamble; Pilot, Flight Lieutenant R. P. P. Pope, D.F.C. (Avro Cadet). North Sea Aerial and Transport Company, Brough; Pilot, Flight Lieutenant A. G. Loton (Blackburn B2 Trainer). Bristol Aeroplane and Motor Company, Bristol; Pilot, Flying Officer T. W. Campbell (D.H. Tiger Moth). De Havilland Flying School, Hatfield; Pilot, Flying Officer J. A. Harris (D.H. Tiger Moth). Air Service Training Limited, Hamble; Pilot, Flying Officer W. F. Murray

A DAY OUT FOR THE DOGS: A novel sports meeting was held at Bell Mead Kennels, Haslemere, this week when dogs of all descriptions competed in a series of flat and obstacle races. *Left*—Lupez, the Dandy Dinmont, winning the 25 yds. hurdles. *Centre*—Bella, an Alsatian, beating Beauty, a greyhound, in the 25 yds. obstacle race. *Right*—Lupez scoring a dramatic victory in the Dandy Dinmonts' race

Kennelmaids parading their charges at the start of the Dogs Sports Meeting

MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. McCULLOCH, D.S.O., presenting a cup to one of the kennelmaids

TWO SPORTING EVENTS OF THE WEEK

A FATEFUL and FRUITFUL FLYING WEEK

By GRANVILLE CONWAY

The past fortnight has provided a galaxy of flying news rarely if ever before equalled. Fair winds or foul, sunshine or shadow, have made little difference in the main to single-handed or concerted efforts, some of which have ended in disappointment and some unfortunately in disaster. With the Mollisons one always has had that impression of certainty that whatever flight they undertook would be accomplished in record time. For them to fall short, in this latest attempt, of their reputation of infallibility in flying is only a freak of fate.

One-Eyed Post and Iron Mike.—Mr. Wiley Post has had the satisfaction of beating his own record for a round the world flight set up in 1931 by him in company with the Australian, Harold Gatty. This time he has done the 16,000 mile journey in twenty-one hours less. Seven days and nineteen hours speaks for itself. For the last three days of his flight the only headline that the papers could find was "Post off again." The "world's tiredest man" is certainly a "dauntless flyer," and contrary to most people's fate his crash in the mountains of Alaska had no effect on his success. The whole story of the flight is one of grim determination, and I think the name which he gave his robot pilot could be more aptly applied to himself. Perhaps the three packages of chewing gum, which together with fishing tackle and mosquito net (for Alaska!) he carried in the 'plane, helped him to keep a hard jaw. He certainly needed it, for it must have been, to say the least, dispiriting to find his one eye badly inflamed on landing at Berlin. This non-stop hop of 4,000 miles in twenty-six hours was a really great effort, and demonstrates what can be achieved with the help of a robot pilot. Iron Mike, by the way, is the gyroscopic gadget which corrects any deviation from the course set by automatically moving the rudder and elevator to the right position.

Lithuania in Mourning.—All the world sympathized with Lithuania when death claimed her Atlantic flyers, Captain Darius and Stanley Girenas, on the very threshold of their country. How the crash occurred nobody knows, though vague conjecture ascribes it to a mistaken idea on the part of the pilot that the tops of trees were a meadow. I cannot subscribe to this, even though the exhausted petrol tank would seem to lend colour to the belief that the airmen tried to land. The aspect of the trees *cannot* have been so like a field. There must have been ridges far in excess of any that would be found in a meadow or a cornfield. And even if a deceitful searchlight promised what appeared to be a field there were *two* airmen, and one of them must surely have discerned trees. One could understand such a mistake on the part of *one* pilot, but not when there were two men in the machine. Again, the machine was badly smashed, which indicates a crash at speed.

The Flying Club of the R.A.F. Reserve.—Saturday last marked the opening display of the R.A.F. Reserve Flying Club at Hatfield. This club has been formed with three primary objects—to provide unlimited flying for past and present Service pilots at a very reasonable rate, to enable passengers to be carried, which is not permitted during Service training, and to provide flying for Reserve Officers, who are forced to cease active training at 38, the new age limit. The club rents premises from the De Havilland School of Flying as this is one of the four schools used by the R.A.F. Reserve. Its originator is Flying Officer R. E. G. Brittain, R.A.F.O., son of Sir Harry Brittain, the chairman of the Civil Aviation Section of the London Chamber of Commerce. A very successful opening was due to the efforts of Flying Officers Brittain, Underwood, and Hammerton, who carried out all the ground work and generally organized the display. Mrs. Leckie, wife of Group Captain Leckie, officially opened the club by unveiling the badge on its first machine, after which Flying Officer Brittain took the machine up and flew past. Among the events were some wonderful aerobatics by Flight Lieutenant C. S. Staniland in a Fairey Firefly, and quite superb inverted flying and aerobatics in Avro Tutors by instructors from the Central Flying School at Wittering. John Tranum also did a delayed parachute drop. The timing of the programme was excellent and there were no awkward pauses in between the events.

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THE "CUP OF TEA DANCE": A CURIOUS PICTURE FROM THE AUTONOMOUS SOVIET STATE OF TAJIKISTAN

Tajiks performing the dance which for centuries has been the most popular measure of the inhabitants. They are largely Muhammadan nomads, their domain stretching beyond the northern borders of Afghanistan

FROM ASIA

DEFYING THE PERILS OF BATTLE: A JAPANESE SOLDIER'S AMULET

This kerchief, worn immediately beneath the helmet, is believed to give the wearer a charmed life in battle provided a thousand different women have used their needles in stitching the pattern. The picture was taken by the famous Japanese camera artist, Natori, who accompanied the troops during the recent fighting at the Great Wall

DEFYING THE DEPTHS: The upper works of the heavy iron tower which is to be assembled immediately above the wreck of *La Lutine*. Powerful suction pumps will then be brought into action to displace the sand and water and leave the gold "high and dry" at the base of the funnel

GOLD from the SEA

The Latest Attempt to Recover the £2,000,000 Treasure from the Frigate, "La Lutine"

By ROY ELSTON

In 1793 the frigate *La Lutine*, 32 guns, was captured by British ships in the harbour of Toulon. Six years later, under the command of Captain Skinner, she set sail from Yarmouth with a cargo of nearly £2,000,000 in gold, part of which was destined to pay the English troops then quartered on the island of Texel, and part to relieve the economic distress of the city of Hamburg, which had arranged a loan of £1,500,000 sterling with the Bank of England. On the night of October 9–10, the *Lutine* ran into a fierce storm off the island of Terschelling, and, unable to extricate herself from the treacherous sandbanks and currents which make this part of the Dutch coast a seamen's graveyard, foundered and sank. All hands, save one, and the total treasure of nearly £2,000,000 worth of gold went to the bottom.

From time to time attempts have been made to recover part of the gold, and enough of the treasure has been raised to inspire the dream of complete success. How much of the gold is left is not quite certain. It is said to be more than £1,000,000, but when you tell that to an old Terschelling fisherman he winks his eye and says: "Do you think we folks would let a hoard of gold lie at our back doors, so to speak, for over 100 years?" But £1,000,000 is a lot of money to a Terschelling fisherman. He doubts if there is that much money in all the world.

If we are to believe the promoters of the present elaborate scheme, the amount, not far short of the original £2,000,000, will soon be definitely revealed. The ships, with their ingenious machinery, lie in the quiet, sceptic harbour of Terschelling, awaiting a prolonged period of calm weather. The wreck has been located, even to the position, below the munition rooms, where the gold lies. All that is needed now is sufficiently reliable weather to enable engineers to place the enormous and amazing suction machine over the site, and to set it to the gigantic task of displacing not only the water, but some 36 ft. of shifting sand, below which, on the solid sea-bottom, lies the vast treasure of the *Lutine*. That, at least, is the confident statement made by the German engineer, F. Beckers, who is responsible for the curious apparatus employed in the treasure hunt. And since the sea has often had to give way to Dutch obstinacy, there is no reason, I suppose, why she should not, once again, loosen her cold grip on what the Dutchmen covet!

Attempts to recover this gold in the past have failed chiefly owing to the enormous quantity of drift-sand above the wreck. As fast as the most powerful dredgers flung away 100 tons of sand, another 100 tons came tumbling in, impelled by the unusually strong currents which flow along this part of the coast. As recently as 1929, large sums of money were spent to overcome this difficulty. The sea only laughed, and filled up the great holes in its bed as quickly and easily as waves on the seashore fill up the holes left by playing children. And the grizzled old fishermen of Terschelling laughed with the sea. Said one of them, "You may be able to play with the Zuyder Zee, and turn it into a duck-pond; but only a fool plays with the North Sea." And when the grim, cold North-sea mist lies over Terschelling, and melancholy sea-birds cry among the dunes, one feels that to be true.

The chief engineer in the present quest is, however, undaunted. He has devised a kind of cylindrical tower with a huge base in the form of an inverted funnel. The total length of the tower is 75 ft., the width at the base is 36 ft., and at the top 10 ft. It has been built in sections, on lighters, and will be finally assembled above the actual location of the wreck as soon as the weather makes such an operation possible. The base of the funnel will be placed immediately above the position of the gold chambers, where it will rest on the top of the sand, which covers the wreck to a depth of 10 metres.

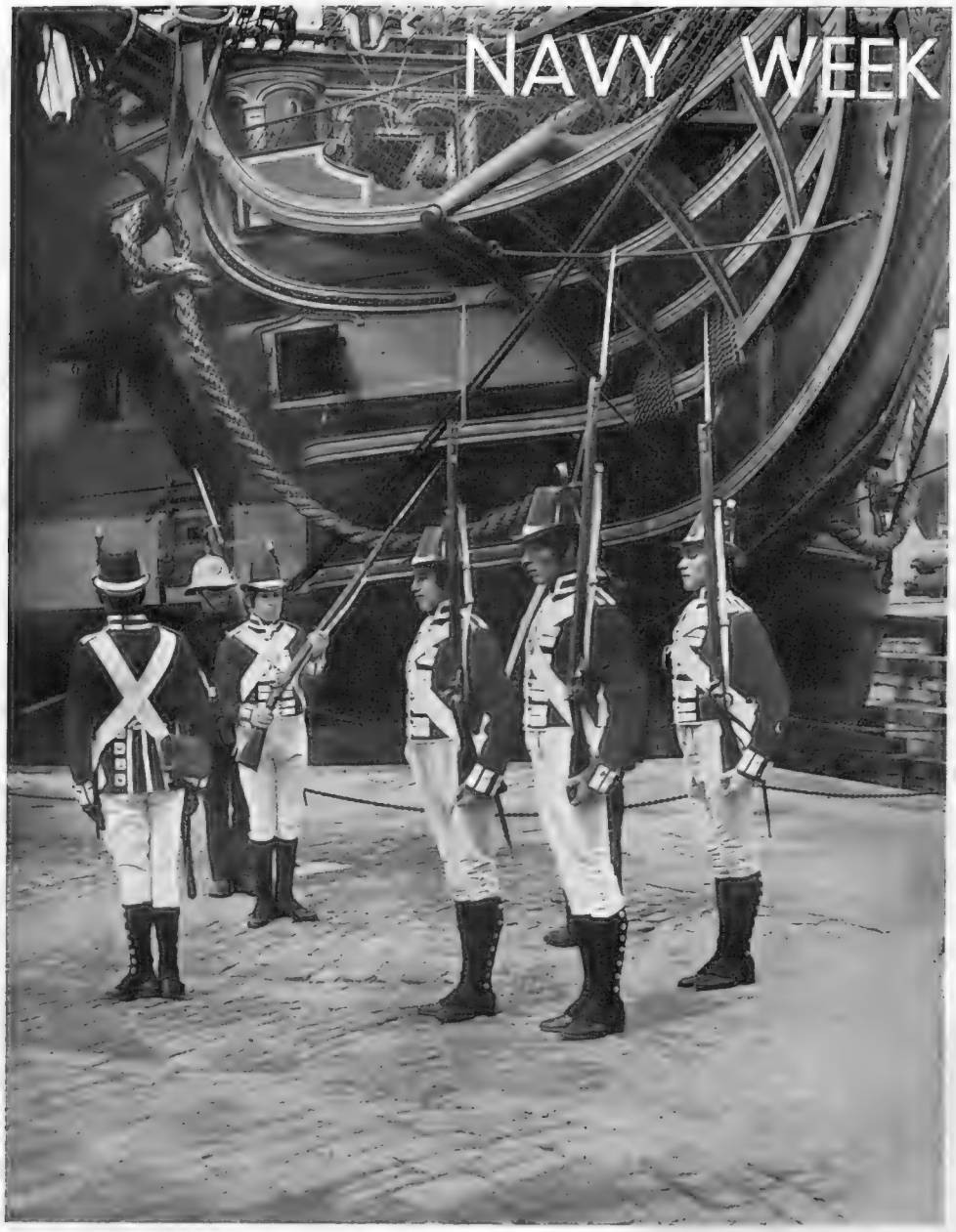
As soon as this inverted funnel is in position, with the cylindrical end above water, powerful suction pumps will be installed and the process of pumping the sand and water outside the funnel will commence. It is asserted that, with the displacement of the sand from the base of the funnel, the apparatus will gradually sink until, all the sand and water displaced, it lies upon the firm sea-bed, immediately above the gold, which will thus be, as it were, high and dry. The interior of the funnel will thereupon be fitted with special grappling instruments and a motor lift, and lo! a fortune that has lain buried in the sea for over 130 years, will rise to dazzle the eyes of the world, and to inspire more dreams of luck!

H.M.S. *LA LUTINE*: A reproduction from Mr. Frank H. Mason's picture of the famous frigate. The original painting was presented to the Committee of Lloyd's in 1906

A GOLD HARVESTER: Testing the motor pump which is to work in conjunction with the great tower in displacing the sand and water above the wreck

To whom, after so many eventful years, does this fortune belong? After the disastrous wreck of the *Lutine*, the buried gold was judged to be the property of King William I of Holland. As a gesture of friendship, this monarch made over all rights, by special Royal Decree of May 23, 1823, to the King of England, who, in his turn, and very justly, presented the unapproachable hoard to Lloyds, who, having paid the insured value in full, had the most right to it. A few years ago a concession - contract was completed between this firm and a group of Dutchmen, who were thus given the right to recover the gold if they could, with the condition that 30 per cent. of the value recovered be paid over to Lloyds. The general impression, is that the attempt must succeed provided the sand-displacing apparatus does what its inventor promises, and the issue of *Lutine* shares placed on the Dutch market appears to have been fairly successful. So the originators of the scheme need not be altogether out of pocket should the sea once more merely tighten its grasp upon the spoils of an ancient victory.

NAVY WEEK at PORTSMOUTH



THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: Nelson's famous flagship, the *Victory*, which, as usual, will be viewed by thousands of visitors to Portsmouth during the forthcoming Navy Week. The vessel has been completely restored to her former glory during the past few years, and the visitor now sees the various parts of the ship just as they were on the first Trafalgar Day. Navy week begins on August 5

THE FLEET AT EXERCISE: A torpedo leaving one of the tubes of H.M.S. *Vortigern*. Similar exercises will be carried out in Portsmouth Harbour during Navy week

CAT'S CRADLE: "Old Bill," the popular mascot of H.M.S. *Rodney*, has his own kit and sleeps in a hammock. Visitors to Portsmouth will find the ship's pets very much in evidence

THE 50 FT. MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" passing one of the old forts at Portsmouth as she set out on her recent cruise along the South Coast to advertise Navy Week. Her crew, consisting largely of officers, is appropriately dressed in the uniforms of Nelson's time

IN A SILKEN WORLD

How a Silk Stocking is Made: An Intricate Process Illustrated in a Series of Specially Taken Pictures

I.—ADJUSTING THE FINISHED ARTICLE: Most things in everyday use are apt to be taken for granted. Who would imagine, for instance, the mechanical ingenuity that goes to the making of a pair of silk stockings? In the following series of pictures the process is illustrated from start to finish

III.—KNITTING THE FABRIC: The leg portion of the stocking in course of manufacture. IV: *Circle*—PREPARING THE LEGS FOR THE FOOTING MACHINES. The operator takes the leg portion of the stocking and fits its lower end to a minute row of needles. The fabric is stretched in such a way that the silk falls, unfailingly, on to its proper needle

II.—CONDITIONING THE SILK THREAD to produce the required standard of fabric. The spools, which have been received from the mills, pass the thread to a trough containing a softening solution

V.—KNITTING THE FOOT OF THE STOCKING: An operative controlling one of the intricate machines. The knitting is now complete and it only remains for the fabric to be assembled. It is in this work, however, that the skill of the individual machinist is most forcibly demonstrated. The British product, needless to say, lacks nothing in the quality of its finishing

VI.—ASSEMBLY: A group of operatives at work on the linking discs. Here the separate portions of the toes and heels are closed up. An examination of even the simplest stocking will reveal the intricacy of this task

VII.—A CLOSER VIEW OF THE PROCESS of joining the foot of the stocking. This unusual-looking instrument consists of a circular revolving disc carrying the linking needles. Each disc is driven by an electric motor which the operator can control with her feet

All the pictures shown on this page have been taken at The Aristoc Stocking Mill through the courtesy of the manufacturing company. "The Sphere's" special representative, Mr. Charles E. Brown, was granted access to all the departments concerned in the making of silk stockings—a process which has never before been revealed in such detail in the illustrated Press. An article on the history of the stocking appears on p. 185

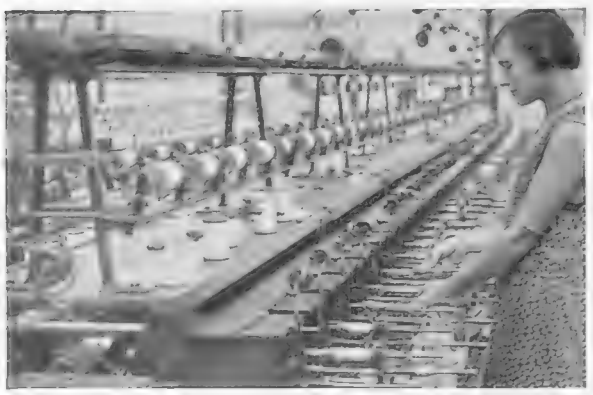
VIII.—SEAMING THE LEGS: This operator is seen feeding the two sides of the leg through revolving discs. The result is a neat but strong seam stretching down the back of the stocking from the top of the thinly knitted portion to the point of the heel. The work of manufacture and assembly is now complete

IX.—IN A SEA OF STOCKINGS: Before reaching the dyeing and drying stage every article is carefully examined for possible defects. Expert hands and eyes seldom allow a faulty stocking to pass them

X.—BOARDING the completed stockings to shape on electrically heated forms. This finished, they are ready for packing and despatch to the wholesaler

FROM LOOM TO WEARER: The following pictures were taken specially for "The Sphere" during the occasion of a recent visit to the Courtauld works at Bocking, Essex, when our photographer, Mr. Charles E. Brown, witnessed and recorded the intricate process of fabric production through each phase of the work

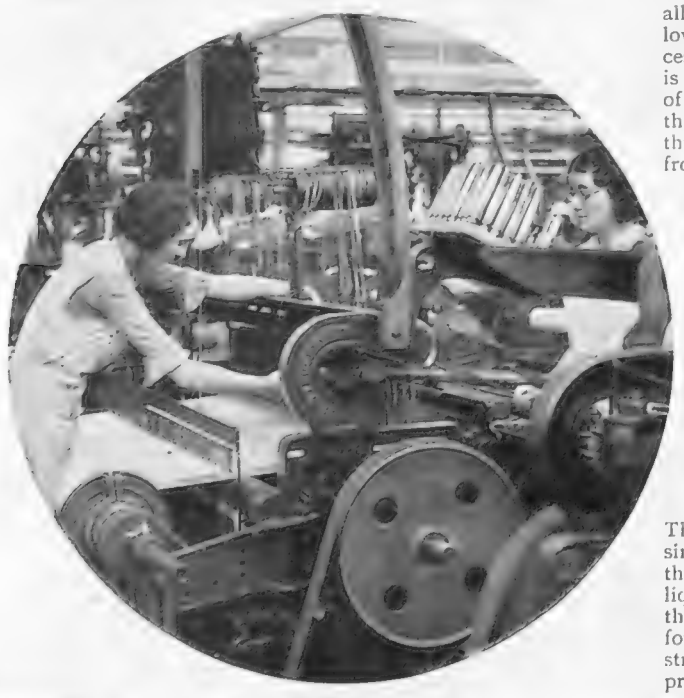
THE WONDER OF WARPING: Four hundred bobbins, each on a separate spindle, glistening threads are drawn from these bobbins through a fine comb where 1½ inches. They are then rolled on a revolving circular frame, the process being



RAYON being transferred from the bobbins to the weft spools which are used in the shuttles for weaving (see below)

There is no more thrilling modern-day sight than that of witnessing the many and intricate processes that go to the making of our fabrics. To the lay mind the control of the tens of thou-sands of threads used for the warp, and the regular interlocking of the weft in intricate patterns, appear more in the light of a miracle than as the product of man's mechanical ingenuity.

As far as space allows let us follow these processes. First there is the initial task of warping. Here the glistening threads are drawn from hundreds of bobbins through a fine comb which, unbelievable as it may seem, contracts them to a space of little more than 1½ ins. The threads are then run on to a flanged circular beam, and the warp is ready for sizing. This involves the passing of the threads through a gelatinous liquid which gives them the necessary cohesion for standing up to the strain of the after processes. Before the actual weaving can begin, the warp is entered into the loom, each



WEAVING IN PROGRESS: The operator has to watch the process with the greatest care, for a broken thread may cause serious damage to the delicate material

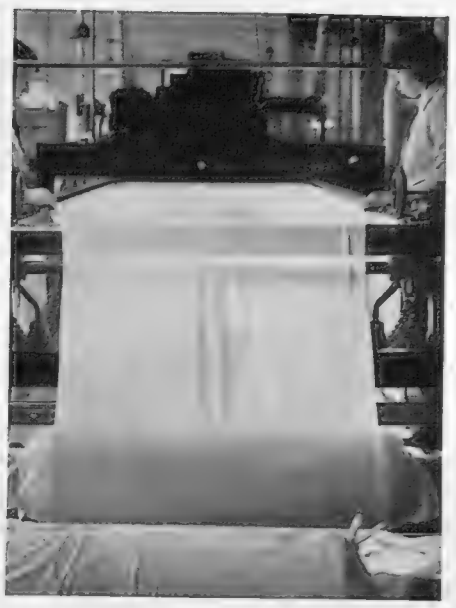
ANOTHER ASTONISHING SIGHT—THE SHINING WARP, AS YET UNSUPPORTED the layman, seems a miracle of precision. For here the warp is seen in the passing gradually into the trough containing a gelatinous liquid. This gives the fine thread of the warp, from becoming injured during the processes which the threads from damage that may be caused by the

SILKEN WORLD

"The Sphere" Surveys the Modern Process of Rayon Fabric Manufacture

engaged in the making of the warp. The they are contracted to a space of less than repeated until the desired width is obtained

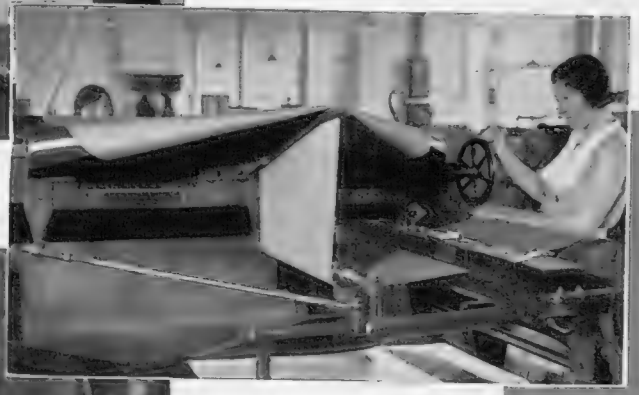
THE WARP ready to be entered into the mechanism of the loom. These girls are placing each thread through the eyes in the order required for producing the desired pattern



THE STENTER OR STRETCHING MACHINE: This is employed for obtaining uniformity of width in the material and also for improving its general feel and appearance

DRYING: In order that the fabric may be thoroughly dried after dyeing, it is passed over a series of heated drums

DYEING: An up-to-date "jigger" dyeing machine in action



FOLDING AND ROLLING THE FINISHED MATERIAL: The last stage of the manufacturing process

BY THE WEFT, IS SIZED: The young girl operator is watching what, to form of a continuous sheet, each little silken cable lying side by side and the threads cohesion and prevents the spider-like filaments, constituting are to follow. For, after drying, the size acts as a varnish and protects repeated rubbing of the cone through which they pass

separate fine thread being passed in proper rotation. It is the order of placing these threads that brings out the desired pattern which has, of course, been planned previously by the designer.

The weft, which is woven across the piece with amazing regularity, is wound from the bobbin on to a spool made to fit the flying shuttle. As it comes from the loom the cloth bears little resemblance to the finished product, for it has yet to pass through the dyeing and finishing stages.

It now progresses from roll to roll through scouring and bleaching agents, and finally enters the dyeing room. Uniformity of width and improvement in feel and appearance are then obtained on a stenter or stretching machine. At the outlet the fabric is automatically released and travels on to the examining frame where highly skilled workers scrutinize every yard minutely for possible flaws. To all intents and purposes the work is now complete and, after folding and making up, the fabric is ready for despatch to the outside world.

Eric Gray

A GLEAMING VISION OF TO DAY: The magnificent finished product, posed for "The Sphere" at the salons of Ronald Morrel of Davies Street, W.

FLYING TO LE TOU

SERVICE: Luncheon on board the *Horatius*. These spacious air liners can accommodate thirty-six passengers

A GULL'S EYE VIEW: The plage at Le Touquet seen from the Imperial Airways liner *Horatius*. The new swimming bath (La Piscine) is proving a great attraction among visitors this year. *Below.*—The camera takes a last glance at Le Touquet as the air liner makes for home

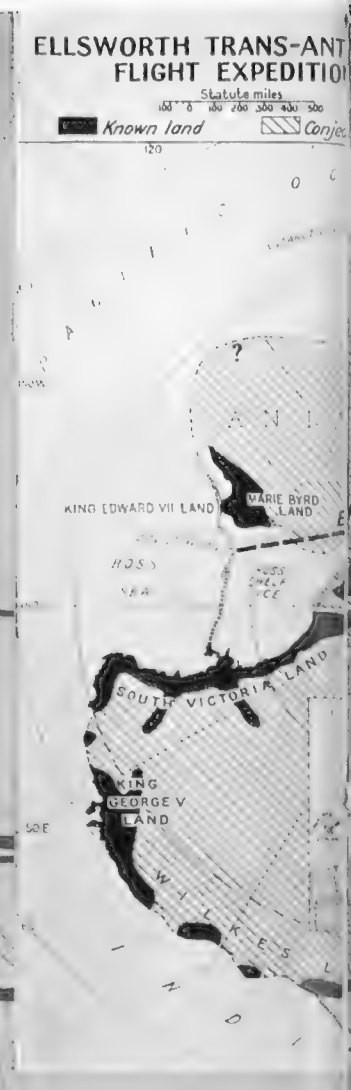
THE FOREST OF LE TOUQUET: An excellent impression of the wooded environs of the famous French resort. It is here that all the leading hotels are situated. In the centre is the Picardy, and immediately in front the Hermitage. The Westminster Hotel dominates the foreground of the picture near the lighthouse

Pictures by Charles Brown

AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE: The sands of Le Touquet showing *(on right)* the river Canche where it meets the sea. *Circle.*—The *Horatius* passing the P. and O. liner *Strathaird* as she takes her pilot on board in the Channel

COMING ANTARCTIC EXPEDITIONS

To Prove Whether this Polar Continent is One Land Mass or Two



REAR-ADMIRAL BYRD PLANS A NEW EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC, USING THE VETERAN (SCOTTISH-BUILT) U.S. CUTTER "BEAR" SEEN ABOVE: The Admiral will cover much of the ground over which he flew some time ago in the Floyd-Bennet 'plane. This time he is using the *Bear* to reach the Ross Sea. She is here seen assisting the S.S. *Corwin* in difficulties in Arctic ice. *Upper corner*—The Admiral himself is seen (from a photograph by Captain Ashley C. McKinley)

The Byrd Expedition

An expedition to the Antarctic is in preparation by Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd, who flew over the Beardmore Glacier to the Polar plateau and back to his base at the Bay of Whales. He proposes to use dogs and sledges for ice exploration, and may very probably take a 'plane with him as well; his preparations are not so far advanced as those of the Ellsworth expedition, of which the central feature is the cross-continental flight in a specially-built plane. Both expeditions will endeavour to find out whether the Antarctic land area is one mass or actually divided into two by an ice-concealed strait. The possible position of this strait is shown on the map reproduced on this page, on which the known land is shown black.

TO JOIN THE ELLSWORTH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is here seen with Lady Wilkins, has journeyed to Bergen in preparation for joining the Ellsworth air expedition over the Antarctic area. He is to establish a base in the Antarctic for the flying section of the expedition

An interesting feature of the Byrd expedition is the fact that the Admiral is now overhauling, in the Brooklyn Navy yard, the veteran U.S. cutter *Bear* in order that she may serve as his expedition ship. She was originally built at Greenock for the British Government in 1874.

The U.S. cutter *Bear* has been called the Adventure Ship of the U.S. Coast Guard Service. The United States acquired her along with the *Thetis*, both sealers in the early eighties, and they were turned over to the then Revenue Cutter Service now the Coast Guard. One of the notable rescues accomplished by the *Bear* was that of the whaler *James Allen* in Seguam Pass in 1894. Seguam Pass is off the Aleutian Islands. The log book of this historic old ship reveals many tales of rescues and humanitarian work among the whalers, the white trappers, and natives of the north.

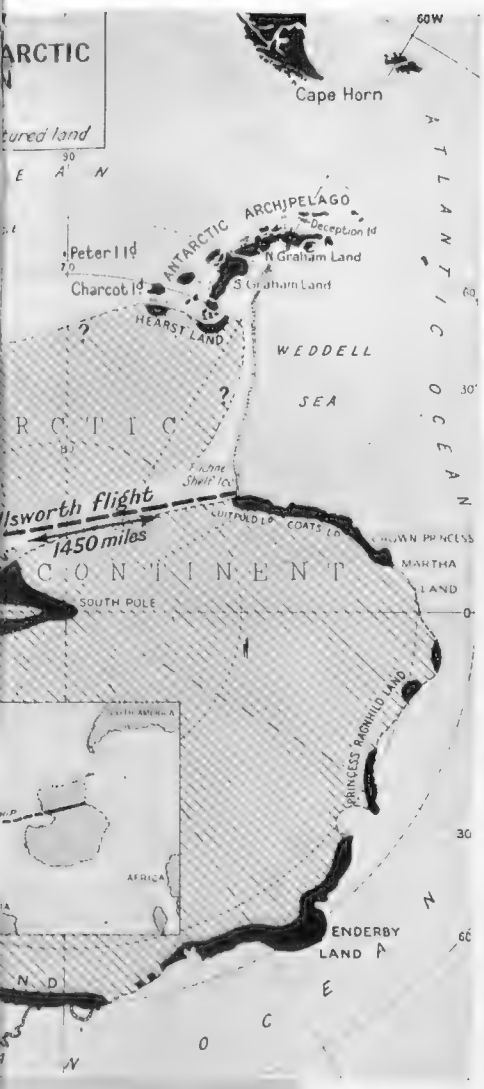
It is estimated that the ship has cruised more than 16,000 miles in a single year and altogether she has a record of covering over 1,000,000 miles while engaged in relief work in the regions of the frozen north.

So while the U.S. *Bear* is out of commission in the Government Service, she is to make another voyage of adventure — under the command of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N., and this time into the far away regions of the vast Antarctic. The picture of the S.S. *Bear* accompanying this article was supplied by the United States Coast Guard Service of Washington, D.C.

The expedition, if it is to meet with success, will have to have made all preparations and left New Zealand for the Ross Sea by December, this being the open season in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Lincoln Ellsworth Expedition— From the Ross to the Weddell Sea

An expedition, under the leadership of Lincoln Ellsworth, a noted American explorer, is in active preparation. His object is to fly right across the continent from the Ross Sea Ice Barrier to the Weddell Sea and back to his base, which will be established by Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is at present in Norway with Walter J. Lanz, the radio operator of the expedition. A small ship, the *Fanefjord*, will convey the expedition to the famous Bay of Whales on the edge of the Ross Barrier. Mr. John D. Northrop of Inglewood, California, has built a special 'plane for the expedition; it is seen on the right.



THE PROPOSED ELLSWORTH FLIGHT OVER THE ANTARCTIC: From the American Geographical Society's map

THE QUEEN MAUD MOUNTAINS MAY SOON AGAIN BE SEEN BY TWO FLYING EXPEDITIONS: This picture was taken on the occasion of the Byrd flight to the South Pole. The position of the mountains is shown on the annexed map

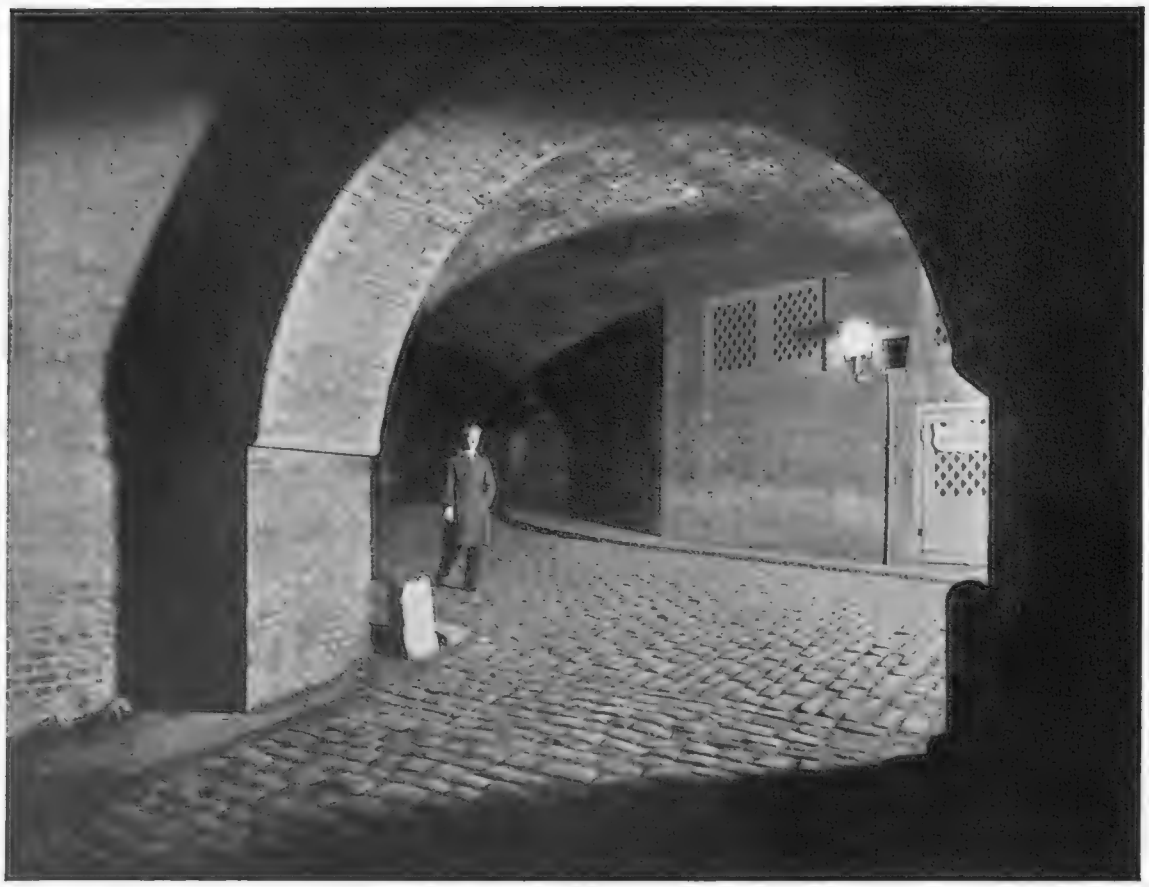
The question of camera work has been carefully studied.

"The position of the photographer's cabin," says Mr. Northrop, "on the Ellsworth 'plane to the rear of the wing gives the operator photographic angles to within 25 degrees of the fore and aft centre line of the ship and down over the wing ahead to about 15 degrees below the horizon line. He can also photograph straight down to the rear on either side of the wing and if there is some special object of interest that perchance is covered by the low wing, the ship may be banked to enable the photographer an advantageous position. The basic problem, as before stated, is one of covering a very large area at each shot, and the photographer's cabin is sufficiently high over the wing so that this may be accomplished in almost any direction with little difficulty."

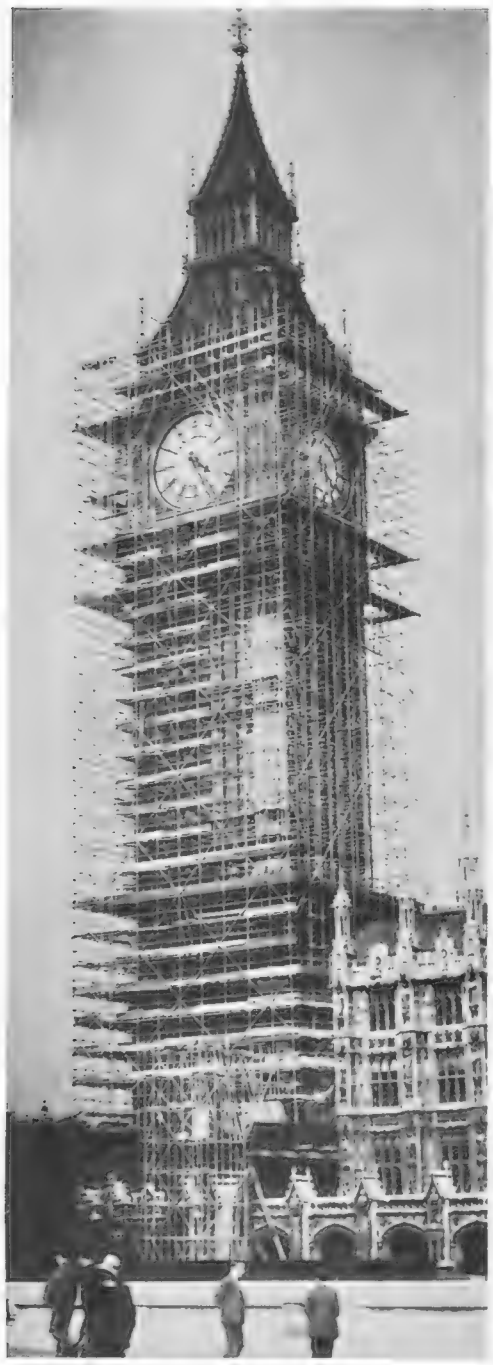
TO FLY ACROSS ANTARCTICA: Lincoln Ellsworth, the leader, with Bernt Balchen, his pilot, in the cockpit of his 600-h.p. 'plane

TO FLY ACROSS ANTARCTICA, WHERE A STRAIT POSSIBLY DIVIDES THE CONTINENT IN TWO; THE ELLSWORTH EXPEDITION'S 'PLANE

Lincoln Ellsworth is using a Northrop-Delta low-wing monoplane which has a total length of 29 ft. and several inches, and a wing-spread of 48 ft. This monoplane, which he has tested in the United States and also in flights in the region of Winnipeg, is equipped with both wheels and skis. It is interesting to note that he found the Canadian winter temperature as about as extreme as he expects to encounter in the Antarctic regions. The monoplane is equipped with a single Pratt and Whitney Waspmotor of 600-h.p., capable of making a speed of 230 m.p.h. This fleet-winged monoplane is estimated to have a cruising radius of 4,200 miles



THE FAMOUS ADELPHI ARCHES: A "Sphere" picture of one of the arches beneath the Adelphi Terrace the further existence of which is seriously threatened. Can any architect say that the simple sweep of the arches is ugly, or claim that the little touches of decoration fail to make up a picture of singular charm?



WHO DESIGNED THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT? The present overhaul and re-conditioning of the building bring to light this interesting question which has been overlooked by the majority of London guide-books. It is now becoming clear that it was Pugin and not Barry who was largely responsible for the outward form of the structure as we know it to-day

A THREATENED ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECE: The Adelphi Terrace with its lovely riverside walk. Some of the original Adam exterior decoration is visible with its delicate pilasters

THE SUBJECT OF ARCHITECTURAL CONTROVERSY: The riverside façade of the Houses of Parliament. Bound up with this question as to who was the real designer is a most extraordinary story of human emotions, jealousies, and oblique dealings. But for the mysterious loss of Sir Charles Barry's letters to Pugin, the true facts would, probably, have been established long ago. A brief narrative on the subject appears in the accompanying article

THREATENED LONDON

And Some Dark Work in the Architectural World

It would seem that we must take a sad farewell of another charming piece of old London. The Adelphi Estate Bill has been passed by the House of Lords and after a lengthy debate it passed its second reading in the House of Commons with a small majority. It was then discussed by a Committee and has only to go through its third reading to become an Act. Then the familiar eighteenth century Adelphi will be pulled down and another vast building will range itself alongside that of Shell-Mex House.

The Bill tells us that Adam Street, John Street, and Robert Street will be widened, the Adelphi Foreground, at present an open space, will be built over, and a new lower roadway will come into being. This new lower roadway, which supporters of the Bill quote as a most excellent thing of great benefit to the public, raises anxious questions in the minds of the Opposition. It will run parallel to the Embankment and will connect either with the street known as York Buildings or with Buckingham Street. In either case a slice of the Embankment Gardens will have to be taken away and if it is to connect with Buckingham Street what will become of the York Water Gate? Both these streets are too narrow to carry through traffic, so the new road will probably only benefit the occupants of the new building.

And what of the terrace itself, that quiet, airy, sunny walk? It becomes virtually a tunnel, built over at each end with a light shaft in the middle. To placate public opinion the owners of the estate have inserted a clause in the Bill to the effect that Adam Street and Robert Street shall be carried forward to the front of the new building and that steps shall lead from them down to the gardens. But this would give the public only a peep but from the end of a road which is a poor substitute for a terrace. A suggested amendment to the Bill has been that a new terrace roadway should be built along the front of the new building. Such a terrace would restore one of the finest views in London and would do much to appease public opinion.

No plans for the new building have been shown as yet, but the Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that they should be submitted to either the Royal Fine Art Commission or the new Crown Lands Advisory Committee. The promoters of the Bill have agreed that the Crown Lands Advisory Committee should be consulted in regard to the exterior. But it would have to be a very fine building indeed to compensate London for the loss of the Adelphi and the open space in front of it, and from recent experience such a building seems very improbable.

The fact that the whole of the external façades of the Houses of Parliament are now being repaired has brought to mind the interesting question as to who originally designed these Gothic façades which have become famous for their very negation of the Neo-Palladian style which for so long held sway in the design of Government and great civic buildings. If one turns up a guide-book to London, some such phrase as the following is almost bound to meet the eye: "This striking Gothic pile, erected from designs by Sir Charles Barry. . . ."

But did Sir Charles design the building as we see it? A flood of light has been thrown on the subject in a volume published a few months ago entitled *Pugin: the Portrait of a Mediæval Victorian*, by Mr. Michael Trappes-Lomax (Sheed and Ward). Here the author reconstructs an extraordinary picture of passionate human history, embedded as it were in the very fabric of this mass of tawny stone. From this palpitating narrative, it seems that in all human probability the exterior of fretted Gothic with which we are so familiar was designed, not by the architect who received the honour of knighthood, but by Augustus Welby Pugin, the famous exponent of Gothic art in the earlier half of the nineteenth century.

(*Continued on p.* 198)

FASHIONS IN STOCKINGS

From Roman Times to the Present Day

How did people of classical times cover their legs, and what about the Middle Ages and so forth? Such queries start a searching in the byways of the mind, till the suggestion comes that early pictures may be of great assistance.

Pictures, monumental effigies, and brasses are, of course, a great source of information about the dress of the past ages, but there is written matter as well. Household inventories contain lists of the clothing belonging to both men and women; letters such as the Pastons wrote to their relatives asking them to purchase things in London; love sonnets often describe the dress of the fair lady; and sermons, where the preacher was denouncing the folly of some new fashion—all bring the costume of the period vividly before us.

If we start with the Romans we find that they did not use stockings, though, occasionally, they would wind a cloth strapping round the legs, something like a soldier's "puttee." Roman ladies, under their long togas, apparently merely adorned their legs with bracelets. Our progenitors, the Anglo-Saxons, wore hose bound round the leg with fillets—at least the men did, what their wives wore is uncertain, as their dresses came right down to the ground. In some of the drawings the men are represented wearing short wrinkled stockings, unbanded, below their tunics.

This type of stocking seems to have continued in fashion for a long time, till we come to Chaucer's Wife of Bath who had very distinctive stockings, which can scarcely have failed to catch the attention of the Canterbury pilgrims—"hire hosen were of fine scarlet rede ful streite-y-tied, and shown ful moist and newe." These stockings were made of cloth, cut and sewn by tailors and were in vogue till Tudor times. They were gartered above the knee. Men indulged in long trunk hose, up the thigh, also tailor-made, in various colours, or sometimes in very smart stripes, familiar to us in fifteenth-century paintings.

Cloth stockings were doubtless very serviceable, but once silk stockings were introduced everyone who could afford them clamoured to possess them, and a present of a pair of silk stockings was a fit gift for a prince. We find Sir Thomas Gresham giving a pair of long Spanish silk stockings to his royal master, young King Edward VI. The fact that silk stockings were called "Spanish" reminds us that England was somewhat slow in picking up the new industry of knitting, which had been in use on the Continent for some time earlier. A certain William Rider, apprentice to a merchant of London Bridge, noticed that an Italian merchant had a pair of knitted worsted stockings, which had come from Mantua. He was able to borrow them, succeeded in mastering the method of manufacture, and having made a pair, presented it to the Earl of Pembroke.

Two years after her accession to the throne, in 1560, Queen Elizabeth received a surprise present on New Year's Day, from Mistress Montague, who is described as her "silkwoman." The present was a pair of black silk knitted stockings, which Mistress Montague had made very carefully for the queen's use. The delight of the queen was great—she asked for more! "Indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings"—a promise, Stow tells us, she faithfully kept.

A sonnet, which was published in 1580, to the Lady Greensleeves, gives an intimate account of a lady's wardrobe. The lover laments that in spite of all his gifts his beloved will not love him.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk
With gold all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thy garter fringed with the gold
And silver aglets hanging by
Which made thee blithe for to behold,
And yet thou wouldst not have me.

In Stuart times silk stockings were an essential part of the outfit of the wealthy; several pairs being worn on cold days. In order to protect these costly articles of clothing a pair of short stockings (somewhat after the order of the ankle socks worn to-day) made of linen, were worn next to the boots, their wide tops, often

(Continued on p. 198)

MARRIAGE IN A SYLVAN SETTING: St. Margaret's looked its best last week for the wedding of Miss Dawn Gold, daughter of Mr. Harcourt Gold, the well-known rowing coach, and Mr. George Coats Illingworth, eldest son of the late Mr. Percy Illingworth of Rutland Gate. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of heavy white crêpe and was accompanied by eight grown-up bridesmaids (Miss Myra Manningham-Buller, Miss Angela Brett, Miss Elizabeth Gold, Miss Mary Crossman, Miss Diana Brassey, Miss Eveline Coats, Miss Rosemary Robertson, and Miss Elspeth Bailey)

MR. HENRY CHANNON and Lady Honor Guinness leaving St. Margaret's after their wedding on July 14

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AS BEST MAN: H.R.H. at the wedding of his equerry, Captain Edward Brook, to Miss Mary Gretton, daughter of Colonel John Gretton, M.P. *Right*—Captain and Mrs. Brook leaving St. Margaret's after the ceremony

LORD CHARNWOOD'S HEIR MARRIES: The bridesmaids and pages at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where the Hon. John Roby Benson and Miss Beryl Quilter were married last week

PAGES OF "HONOR": A charming group at St. Margaret's taken at the recent wedding of Lady Honor Guinness and Mr. Henry Channon

TWO-AND-A-HALF: The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava with Mrs. A. K. Jenkinson and her son Robin who acted as a page at Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine's wedding to Mr. Philip Dunn

A KISS FOR THE PAGE: Miss Barbara Allen, cousin of Mr. G. O. Allen, England's amateur Larwood, stooping to thank one of her pages for assisting at her wedding to Mr. Peter Desborough

A FURTHER ATTRACTION AT THE GLOBE: Ivor Novello as Romeo in the *Romeo and Juliet* masque which has been introduced into his successful play *Proscenium*. The costumes, in blue and silver, are designed by "Motley." Mr. Novello is partnered in the masque by Joan Barry

PLAYS and FILMS

Ramon Novarro as a Music-hall Performer—A Personal Appearance at the Palladium: Signor Petrolini Proves Himself a Master of Parody and Subtle Gesture: "College Humour"—An American Film with the Mixture as Before

If there is nothing blasphemous in venturing such an opinion, Mr. Ramon Novarro may be presumed to have in part taken the place of the late, and hysterically-lamented, Mr. Rudolph Valentino, as a screen lover of the swarthy type. Unlike Mr. Valentino, Mr. Novarro has appeared at the Palladium.

When I read that a hose-pipe had to be turned on Mr. Novarro's importunate stage-door admirers, I, too, went to the Palladium half expecting that my fingers would be itching to turn a hose-pipe on Mr. Novarro. There was a pleasant disappointment. One can, it seems, earn £1,000 or so a week, and have a name like a cigar, and yet be quite a human and even a modest fellow. Mr. Novarro is no great shakes as a music-hall performer. Mr. G. S. Melvin, who was on the bill with him, has at least ten times the entertainment value; for Mr. Melvin, with female-impersonator's intuition and the experience of at least a couple of dozen pantomimes to back it up, knows how to get hold of an audience with both hands and make it enjoy itself. So, too, does Mr. Herb Williams, a ridiculous buffoon with a variety of comic "properties," who was a success in a De Bear revue a few years ago, and now makes a welcome return.

Mr. Novarro, on the other hand, is rather diffident, though he accepts with easy grace the little packages of gifts and the bunches of flowers which have been sent up to him by those of his admirers whose enthusiasm has not been damped by that hose-pipe. He is a fair to moderate stage actor (for his screen work is something apart, though wholly responsible for his appearing on the stage at all), and can show well enough the type of character expected of him. He can also sing the ditties he is expected to sing, in which, to quote Dr. Johnson's opinion of some amateur verses submitted to him, I found "little poetry but much affection."

But we should be mightily disappointed if a dark-haired beauty of the cinema (male) did not sing of the dangers of a toreador's life and the love he inspires.

These appearances "in the flesh" of film stars teach us one thing—that the romantic glamour the stage once held has now been completely transferred to the films.

That may not be a bad thing, except from the business point of view; it meant a lot of rather nonsensical adulation and sentimentality carried to a childish degree. But, for good or ill, the "matinée idol" has completely gone. The late Lewis Waller, that sonorous and handsome actor,

LONDON GOES GAY: An
it is proposed to erect
decorated on novel lines
the day and evening. This

THE ALDWYCH STAR DIRECTS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH: A scene from the new film, *Never Come Back*, a recent production directed by Tom Walls at the Gaumont British Studios. This scene is a reconstruction of the "tables" at Monte Carlo. Mr. Walls, besides producing, also plays a leading part in the film

actually had a club, the keen Order of Wallerites, formed in his honour. There is no such club for any actor to-day, for actors are an order on which nobody is keen—at least, not in the old sense.

Precious few players to-day can attract a crowd to see them emerge from the stage-door. On the contrary, the crowds now assemble on first nights at the theatre's front entrance to watch members of the public enter.

An Italian Season.

—Signor Petrolini, who has started a short Italian season at the Little Theatre, is a Latin differing widely in type from Señor Novarro, and is an infinitely better actor. That is to say, he is a very fine actor indeed. Primarily a comedian, he has, like all good comedians, a great gift of pathos.

He divides his entertainment into three parts. The first, *Il Cortile*, is much too long, and the

of the WEEK

By PHILIP PAGE

enthusiasm with which it was received was due to the perfect way it was acted by Signor Petrolini as a blind guitar player, and by Signorina Criner as a courtesan to whom, warmed by the Spring sunshine, he makes love in the grand manner.

Mustafà is shorter and better—a first-rate little farce about an amusingly unscrupulous Levantine who tries to get hold of a lottery ticket to which he is not entitled. My Italian is too slight for me to have grasped a quarter of that great flow of words, poured out *prestissimo* and, usually, *fortissimo* as well. But to get the drift of the whole is simple enough, and the effect is undeniably droll.

Signor Petrolini's "one man-act," which forms the last part of the programme, is a convincing explanation of his fame in this line in his own country. He is a master of parody and of subtle gesture. And he bubbles over with friendly vitality.

My wail last week—accompanied by many other wails—that the season of ballet at the Alhambra was drawing so rapidly to a close, has resulted in a reprieve. Doubtless a busy box-office also has had something to do with it.

architect's drawing of the Tyrolean village and beer garden which on the site of the present Alhambra Theatre. The hall will be and music, dancing, and a cabaret will probably be available during is only part of a most elaborate scheme for making the "New Alhambra" a great amusement centre

Ballet will now be performed at the old theatre until August 11, and on the following day will be produced the Great Demolition Ballet, choreography by the foreman of the works. The New Alhambra, which is to be erected on the site, is to house dancing of a different type; there will also be several restaurants, a solarium in place of a stollarium, and a circus on one of the upper floors. How the elephants will walk upstairs I do not know, but the Ark furnishes a precedent.

Ballet at the Alhambra.—The last stage of the present Alhambra has been marked by the production of a new ballet and the revival of an old one.

Cotillon is a minor affair compared with that masterpiece, *Les Presages*. But "what *is* there, is good," and there is an atmosphere of jollity about it all. Chabrier's music just suits these light-hearted, gaily-dressed young people who seem to get more fun out of a stage restaurant than the real thing has ever been able to afford: it is French music at its best.

M. Woizikowsky, in a dress-coat of hunting pink, leaps about in a way that would ensure a real hunting man being cut by the county, and Mlle Riabouchinska is, as usual, the best of many exquisite young dancers in luscious frocks. M. Balanchine's choreography is not concerned with a plot. Nobody misses it. The revival of Stravinsky's masterpiece, *Petrouchka*, can be compared, without detriment, with the original production, in which Mlle Karsavina and M. Nijinsky danced. Mlle Danilova, with the cold perfection of her technique and her "set," but beautiful face, brought out the heartlessness of the doll.

BLUFF KING HAL: Charles Laughton as he appears in the name part of the new London Film production, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. So far few film companies have exploited the dramatic value of the nation's history. This story of Henry VIII, however, seems certain to be a big box-office draw

What *would* the fashioners of ballets do without dolls?

"College Humour." — An American "crooner" could be defined as one who sings out of tune in a voice that is not the voice of man, woman, or child, and who gets paid well for doing so on the assumption that the noise he makes has sex-appeal in it.

To put "crooning" in a film entitled *College Humour* is hardly wise, since it is melancholy stuff, the very negation of humour. It is here exploited in lyrics about *Romeo and Juliet*, which is not in itself a humorous play, though just now useful for reference, as Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Joan Barry could explain.

The plot of this film, which I saw at the Carlton Theatre, consists of the rivalry between a "crooner" and a football star, played by Mr. Richard Arlen in such manly fashion that I marvel that the other fellow had a chance at all. In American colleges, however (if the screen and stage are to be believed), they think a great deal of a "crooner." Had I been Mr. Arlen, I would have used this one as a football as a preliminary to shooting Mr. Jack Oakie or, rather, the man responsible for giving Mr. Oakie a series of excruciatingly unfunny remarks.

Yet *College Humour* belongs to a type of entertainment that has long proved acceptable to a vast section of the British public which, so far from resenting attempts to Americanize it, actually wallows in the process. Miss Mary Carlisle, Miss Lona Andre, and Miss Mary Kornman as "undergraduettes" wander through the classrooms of this strangest of educational establishments with eyes as large and as liquid as their private bathing-pools.

Intimate revue—thank goodness they have ceased calling it *revue intime*—is coming into its own again in London after a period of semi-obscurity. The public grew tired of short and very thin little sketches in which there was no scenery, a table, a chair, two people, a few pointless remarks, and a swift "black-out."

A THEODORE DREISER FILM: Sylvia Sidney as Jennie Gerhardt in the new Paramount film by Theodore Dreiser. An ordinary theme is made up for by true-to-life dialogue and some outstanding acting

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DECIDED OPINIONS ABOUT THE RAILWAYS: Mr. Guedalla, in his volume on Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, quotes some delicious lines from the Queen concerning the conduct of the railways. Her Majesty was strongly of opinion that luggage should be conveyed by separate lines. She is here seen (in a contemporary woodcut from *The Illustrated London News* of 1888) at St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, on the occasion of a Royal visit to the city

Mr. Beverley Nichols makes his Appearance as a Passionate Pacifist: "Thug"—Suppressing the Religion of Murder in India

It would seem that we are still doubtful about Queen Victoria. Was she a great Queen, or a great nuisance, or both? Every year some industrious writer examines her correspondence, or the correspondence of her relations or her Ministers, and according to his fixed convictions makes Queen Victoria a tyrant, a narrow-minded Queen, a noble woman, a much-maligned one, or a woman who lived too long for her country's good. It is significant that one charge is never made. She is never accused of being an insignificant woman. She not only had the grand manner but she had the supreme gift of the final retort. I think this explains somewhat her feud with the later Gladstone. He developed the gift himself, and Queen Victoria sensed the fact and was quick to put him at a disadvantage. Little of this yet emerges in the correspondence between the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, which the industry of Mr. Philip Guedalla produces in a first volume, *The Queen and Mr. Gladstone, 1845–1879* (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.).

In the archives at Hawarden there are some 6,000 documents, containing some 800 letters or telegrams from the Queen, 900 from her Private Secretaries, and 4,500 from Gladstone. Of these Mr. Guedalla, after his winnowing, has selected some 1,500, and this first volume, covering thirty years of the relations between the Queen and her Prime Minister, contains 625 documents, of which only some ninety-one have seen the light of publication hitherto.

It might be surmised that all this minutiæ of State business would prove wearisome in these latter days, when the occasions that provoked the correspondence have faded into insignificance. It is true that the purpose underlying the correspondence is no longer of importance, the issues involved have long been settled and disposed of, but it would be a great mistake to assume that any page of this large volume lacks interest. It is throughout intensely absorbing, not only as an intimate revelation of Gladstone's early relations with his Queen, of the problems that were engrossing Monarch and Minister, but also for the light it throws upon the character of the two correspondents, particularly in their attitude to innovations in thought and conduct.

As might be expected Queen Victoria was opposed to the emancipation of woman, as we understand it. She gave her reasons, based upon the assertion that she was a womanly woman. The emancipation has now proceeded so far that we are faced with a grave economic and industrial crisis, and there is a movement in some countries to revert to the former disqualification of women in spheres of masculine activity. To this extent Queen Victoria anticipated the attitude of the Fascist and the Nazi, and the swing of the pendulum, even in this country, may make her opposition seem less a matter of old-fashioned prejudice than of foresight. "She had for some time wished to call Mr. Gladstone's attention to the mad and utterly demoralizing movement of the present day to place women in the same position as to professions as men," she wrote, and "She is most anxious that it should be known that she abhors the attempts to destroy all propriety and womanly feeling which will inevitably be the result of what has been proposed."

This was an allusion to women medical students, and her horror of women studying with men, "things which could not be named before them, certainly not in a *mixed* audience. . . . The Queen feels so strongly upon this dangerous and unchristian, and unnatural cry and movement of women's rights. . . . Let woman be what God intended; a helpmate for a man, but with totally different duties and vocations." Terribly out of date? Yes and no. Those words might easily proceed from the mouth of a Mussolini or a Hitler, convinced of the disintegration of Society from too much freedom and equality.

It was an unchangeable quality of the Queen that she was always "strongly of the opinion." That strength resulted in the ultimate opposition to Gladstone, after the suave Disraeli, with duplicity and bribery, had won his way with her. But for thirty-five years Gladstone held her esteem. Towards the end of this period the rift appeared. He put continuous pressure upon the Queen, opposing her unreasonable opposition to giving the Prince of Wales any kind of responsibility. Like *prime donne*, Gladstone was always on the point of retiring. The Queen was solicitous for his health, but had ceased to be anxious for his political fortunes. The gaudy Jew had come over the the horizon with the diadem of an Empress in his baggage.

During all these years, occupied by much quiet work of a Mr. Gladstone not yet "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," in Dizzy's sneering phrase, Gladstone was never left unaware of a watchful Queen, who, in a deep retirement which suggested that she was shirking her job, pulled at her Minister's elbow, drawing his attention to the smallest matters, important in her keen eyes. She declined to make a Jew a peer (she reversed her attitude later in regard to a different person) and referring to Sir L. Rothschild, wrote—

"The Queen cannot think that one who owes his great wealth to contracts with foreign governments, or to successful speculations on the Stock Exchange can fairly claim a British Peerage. His business seemed to her not less a species of gambling, because it is on a gigantic scale." She is anxious that Mr. Friswell, who wrote a useful and able book called *The Gentle Life*, should have a pension. Mr. Gladstone deemed his literary reputation was not high enough, and gave him a Royal Bounty. The Queen expressed her thanks observing "His writings are of a higher order than Mr. Tupper."

She is very indignant about the insecurity of the railways, with their dreadful accidents, and her own family is in perpetual danger, the Prince of Wales' children were once two hours late. She protests again, a year later. "If a director were bound to go with the trains we should soon see a different state of things. There must be fewer trains, the speed must be lessened to enable them to be stopped easily in case of danger, and they must keep their time. The greatest safety would be, however, in having separate lines for luggage. This ought to be *insisted* on!"

One closes this book with an increased respect for both the correspondents. She was tiresome, obstinate, and exacting, but she was not only every inch a queen but every millimetre a martinet. We may pity Gladstone, who so nobly opposed her in all essential things, and humoured her in details. They progressed inevitably to conflict because of the independent strength of their natures. Mr. Guedalla in his able, ironical introductory essay leads us skilfully to the parting of the ways. The story of this journey to the eclipse of Gladstone in the Queen's favour, upon a major point in dynastic policy, is full of interest. Both Minister and Queen live in these letters.

In his book *Cry Havoc* (Cape. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Beverley Nichols makes his appearance as a passionate pacifist. He presents his case with great ability and intense sincerity. It is a book which required courage to write and intelligence to create. The fact that, to me, the whole argument is based upon a complete fallacy does not mitigate the admiration and interest with which I read every line of his argument. Following an opening letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Nichols proceeds to narrate his experiences in investigating the work of armament firms in various countries. These investigations were not very thorough or widespread. He is not allowed to see the Creusot Works, despite assurances from a high French official; a British armament firm succeeds in making his flesh creep with killing devices which it freely exports to anyone who cares to buy. He did not visit the Rheinmetall Works at Dusseldorf or the Stolzenberg Works at Hamburg, where he would have seen the manufacture of German armaments in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles.

Half of this book is devoted to informing us of the terrible nature of the next war and the preparations that are being made for it. Any well-informed person is quite aware of these preparations, and of the horrors in store. We all know that no one is immune from air attack. Even while reading Mr. Nichol's book, beyond midnight, in a corner of the Chilterns, I was disturbed by the incessant murmur of night-flyers proceeding on secret manœuvres. At Geneva Mr. Nichols was able to retain some faith in the League of Nations, but his argument would appear to be that nothing can prevent the world sliding into hideous war except extreme pacifism. He believes that the old idea of a man fighting for his native land is stupid and futile, he bends all his energy to proving that force achieves nothing but ruin. But on another page he leaves me puzzled by an admission that he might fight in an International Army under the control of the League. Then force, rightly directed, is not futile?

Mr. Nichols erects terrifying dummies in order to demolish them. No one in his senses asserts that war is not folly. The basic mistake underlying Mr. Nichols' argument, and that of all sincere pacifists, is that they think man is a creature controlled by reason. Unhappily, he is not. He is activated by a thousand prejudices, and his own innate good and evil.

Pacifism could only work if it was international. It never can be international since it lacks the compelling unity of force. In Italy and Germany to-day Mr. Nichols and his school of thought are powerless. He could not have published this book, his views would have put him in goal. How does he propose to deal with a nation firmly believing in its nationalism, and the supremacy of its armed force? It is all very lamentable, and stupid, as Mr. Nichols points out. Nature itself, red in tooth and claw, presents a deplorable spectacle as well as a lovely one. Human nature, too, has this basic contradiction, its roots are deep in good and evil. It is not enough to prove that war is terrifying, that it is folly to make war. There must be some compelling force to restrain the lower natures that inevitably impose themselves upon the weak. If man were activated by sweet reason the pacifist would be right. Actually man is activated among other things by envy, greed, prejudice, and racial motives. These may be curbed, but they will never be eradicated. Mr. Nichols is on the side of the angels, which does credit to his heart, and pays testimony to his courage. The fact that his thesis is erroneous does not justify one in dismissing it without serious consideration, or assimilating the grave warning he offers.

The author of *Thug* (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.), Colonel James L. Sleeman, is the grandson of Sir William Sleeman who, after tremendous endeavours, succeeding in suppressing Thuggee which had been established in India for over three centuries. Here is the story of a religion of murder. Sir William once had before him a native who boasted of more than 1,000 murders; he had left off counting.

These gangs of Thugs were thieves who ingratiated themselves with their victims, often travelling a considerable way in perfect amity before performing their dastardly work. Plunder was the main purpose, but sheer lust of killing was also a motive. Sleeman, in his immense task of rounding up this secret society, succeeded in discovering the secret language of Thuggee. After this he proceeded with amazing industry to compile family trees of Thuggee families, thus getting on to the trail of this secret fraternity. Thugs rarely touched Europeans, and the swiftness with which they strangled their victims made detection extremely difficult. Colonel Sleeman, in his extremely interesting account of his grandfather's work, gives the confessions of a number of Thugs, and recounts the amazing unconcern with which the culprits met their end on the gallows. This volume serves to prove at least one valuable service of the English in India, for Thuggee has been wholly suppressed.

REALISM in MEDIEVAL SCULPTURE

AN ORIGINAL GOTHIC MADONNA sculptured in South Germany in the middle of the fifteenth century. This magnificent relic, with the delicately sculptured head, has recently been on exhibition in Vienna

BEAUTY THAT BELONGS TO THE AGES: The life-like figure of the Duchess of Uta adorning the historic cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Naumburg

PETER DENYING CHRIST: A famous example of medieval statuary on the walls of Naumburg Cathedral

The Duchess of Uta

In spite of a widely differing technique, the artist and the sculptor have at least one objective in common—that of making their subject live on in the materials in which they are working. It is given to few to succeed, for such gems are the product of more than ordinary genius. In the historic Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul at Naumburg, there exists to-day a statue of the Duchess of Uta believed to have been worked in the middle of the thirteenth century. Whoever the sculptor was, and many claim that he was the Master of Naumberg himself, this head has a character and a beauty which could have been only the creation of genius. Those who have seen it have frequently thought for a moment they were looking upon a living person. Out of cold limestone this medieval craftsman created not only a figure of beauty but a "personality." The art world possesses few finer treasures of realism

IN THE SHADOW OF HAMPTON COURT: A general view of the Terrace, where distinguished Indians and Anglo-Indians gathered for the garden party given by the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform

INDIA ON ENGLISH LAWNS

Some Impressions from a Recent Empire Garden Party

By an Anglo-Indian

As a nation we are definitely not good "mixers!" —of that, there is never the smallest doubt: and this thought rarely left the forefront of my imagination throughout a perfect summer afternoon —and the Indian Empire garden party at Hurlingham.

I nearly began this tale with the word "alas!" but thought better of it, having no desire for yet another future controversy. I almost think, indeed, that it is one of our national traits of which we are most proud, this insularity—this impossibility of showing the least hint of camaraderie towards any but our personal friends.

Sometimes Englishmen, whose lives have kept them very much this side of the Channel, have urged that the Anglo-Indian is a different breed to the true Englander. A hail-fellow-well-met cosmopolitan frequenter of Eastern club bars, whose lips, from the forming of those strange Oriental euphonisms, "chota peg" and "pow gin," have learnt a careless friendship—unknown to the West.

But what a fallacy this is! The Anglo-Indian is more parochially-minded than the veriest Cornwall villager—for in them at least lies a love of their little life-long niche, their birthplace. Not so we Anglo-Indians. *We* take our selective snobbery with us from "station" to "station." Our position, our rank, our precedence at social functions—was *ever* such jealousy felt should these be tampered with!

"I suppose," a friend said to me afterwards, "that all India knows and likes each other. There must be a great feeling of friendship somehow, born of fellow suffering in an alien land. I always imagine an affair like the Indian Empire garden party to be a most wonderfully convivial rendezvous!" . . .

Could she have seen the very definiteness of North and South Indian groups—of civil servants and railway officials; the distinctive line between cavalry and infantry regiments—between the Punjab and Madras Presidency, she would not have held her illusions long.

We do not go there to make *new* friends, but from curiosity to see well-known faces in Western surroundings. *Always* an intriguingly interesting pastime to the Anglo-Indian who has always wondered at heart how the great Mrs. Snodgrass of Karachi will look "when she gets home"!

Granted we meet our old acquaintances. (Care even is taken that we should find no difficulty over this; and boards bearing the titles "Burma," "Aden," "Madras," etc., are placed in suitable spots at a safe distance from one another, to be met under!) We see all the old Poona faces — we say, "Oh, I can't remember his name, but he was in Meerut with us—some infantry regiment, I think."

PERHAPS A POLITICAL POINT—WHO KNOWS? Sir Samuel Hoare received the guests at this garden party, one of several East and West functions held during the present season. A persuasive point has evidently just been put to the Secretary of State for India

Always the classification follows. No one without his (or her husband's) job tacked on to them. Echoes of cantonment snobbery following us all 7,000 miles throughout a lifetime.

And amongst us—threading their way in and out like gorgeous butterflies, walk those visitants from another hemisphere—the Indian princes and their families.

Numbering several amongst my friends, I am always more than glad to welcome them—yet how many in all that vast crowd of Anglo-Indian society, either wish to make their acquaintances or even show the vaguest interest in who they are?

If we are stiff-necked with one another—if we find it fundamentally hard to "mix" with fellow Britishers lest our unwise camaraderie endanger, even for a moment, our precarious foothold in the Anglo-Indian social ladder; how can the idealist expect that we will meet and freely extend the much-hoped-for *bonhomie* to our Oriental friends?

Watching the large and heterogeneous crowd wending its way from polo ground to tea marquee; from grandstand to swimming pool—each individual instinct (according to the *length* of his sojourn in the East) with social prejudices and unbending regard for rank and etiquette, I felt how much they were to be pitied. Each one the product of a system. Possibly a good one; for I am all for those who cry "There's no country like England!" Yet this is the very spirit which makes an understanding of our Aryan brethren so incredibly hard to encompass.

Ninety per cent of Englishmen cannot explain *why* they refuse to allow their wives and sisters to dance with an Indian—no matter how high his rank—fact though this be. Nor why most of the famous clubs of India are not open to Oriental membership. It is all one with our inability to "mix"—even with one another.

Some inheritance of our cold northern blood perhaps.

Seeing that bright and gaily-coloured throng of Orientalized Englishmen I am always vividly reminded of Rupert Brooke's very apt poem, *The Stars a Jolly Company*, which ends:

"Each in his own obscure distress
A wanderer in a wilderness."

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA and Lady Maud Hoare receiving guests at the Hampton Court Palace garden party

THE WINDING WYE: A charming view of the river near Chepstow, where it bends through the wooded hills on its way to the junction with the Severn. A few miles to the north is historic Tintern Abbey, a favourite resort of holiday-makers. The beauty of the river impelled Wordsworth to write some of the most often quoted and stirring lines in the English language

FROM the PROVINCES

Scenes of Beauty and Interest

THE BOYHOOD HOME OF CAPTAIN COOK: The little cottage at Great Ayton, Yorkshire, which the Government of Victoria, Australia, has recently bought for £800. It is to be taken down stone by stone and shipped to Australia where it will be re-erected in a place of honour in time for the State of Victoria's centenary celebrations next year. It was at Great Ayton that Cook first formulated his ambition to become a sailor, and it was through the generosity of a friend that he was apprenticed to a Whitby shipowner. At the first sale restrictions were placed on the removal of the property, but the conditions were later waived by the auctioneer, provided the house remained within the Empire

THE REMAINS of the ancient church of St. Leonard's Priory of Benedictines near Stamford, Lincs., which have recently been officially scheduled as an ancient monument. This monastic survival, now used as a barn, dates back to about 1080 when it was reconstructed by William, Abbot of St. Carilef, the famous builder of Durham Cathedral

THE ART OF JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD: These two remarkable drawings, illustrating episodes from Don Quixote, were offered for sale at Sotheby's on Wednesday last. They form part of a celebrated series, nine of which have until now been in the possession of Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Blunt Mackenzie of Castle Leod, Strathpeffer. In the *left hand picture* Don Quixote is seen arriving at an inn and being greeted by the landlord with mock deference. *On the right* Quixote is lying outstretched on the ground after his unsuccessful attack upon the windmills

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ROYAL TROOPS INTO NEW YORK: One of the many important British military prints from the collection which Colonel de W. Crookshank, M.P., has presented to the nation and part of which is now on exhibition at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. The above print illustrates the conclusion of the British campaign in North America which resulted in New Amsterdam becoming New York

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: Another remarkable print from the Crookshank collection illustrating the taking of Quebec by General Wolfe on September 13, 1759. From the point of view of draughtsmanship the proportions of the print are obviously exaggerated, its real importance lying in the fund of accurate historical data it supplies regarding the debarking of the English forces and their fight to dislodge the French and Red Indian troops from the heights of Abraham

THE SECOND JACOBITE RISING: A detail from a print in the Crookshank collection illustrating the death of Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans in 1745. The engagement resulted in a decisive win for the Young Pretender's troops, 2,500 Highlanders under Prince Charles Edward Stuart completely routing 2,300 disciplined soldiers under Sir John Cope and Colonel Gardiner. 500 men were killed

FROM THE SALE ROOMS

The Season Closes on an Optimistic Note with some Important Offerings at Sotheby's and Christie's—Autograph Letters from Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen

The end of the busy Season in the great Sale Rooms is in sight. On August 4 Messrs. Christie and Messrs. Sotheby will close their doors, which will not be reopened, in all probability till late in October. This finality brings a certain note of regret to the regular patron of the great rooms, filled, as he sometimes feels, every week for his personal pleasure with all that is most beautiful and rare in pictures, furniture, porcelain and books, some item of which he may be able to add to his own collection.

The season is ending in goodly fashion. The past week has witnessed sales of outstanding quality, nothing jaded or slack about them. Unfortunately the date of going to press prevents any particulars of prices being given. On Monday, at Messrs. Sotheby's the third portion of Lord Rosebery's library was disposed of—that part dealing exclusively with the Napoleonic collection consisting of no fewer than 1,600 books and autograph letters. Lord Rosebery had a very generalized interest in literature, but he specialized on two subjects, horses and Napoleon, and this week has seen his marvellous collection broken up. It included eight of the early love letters which Napoleon had sent to Josephine, filled with fervent love and longing, pleading with her for letters which the beautiful but indolent Josephine seldom troubled to write.

"Depuis un mois, je n'ai reçu de ma bonne amie que deux billets, de trois lignes chacun." It is amazing to think that these pitiful letters were written by the man who was leading his troops to victory in distant Italy.

But perhaps the principal event was the sale on Thursday last at Messrs. Sotheby's of the Greek marble statue of Athena, of the second century A.D. known as the Hope Athena. It had been discovered at Ostia about 1797, when it had been acquired by Thomas Hope, remaining in the Hope collection at Deepdene until its sale in 1917, when the late Lord Cowdray gave 6,800 guineas for it. It has now been sold by the executors of the late Lady Cowdray. This famous statue is over 7 ft. high, made of Carrara marble, the head being made separately and fitted in a cavity. The Hope Athena, like the Farnese Athena in Naples, are variants of the original statue of the fifth century B.C.

Next week, the closing week of the season, gives us two book sales at Messrs. Sotheby's, on Monday and Tuesday (July 31 and August 1)—and another on the two following days. The first one has some particularly interesting autograph letters from Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, and the Carlyles, one from Thomas Carlyle writing of the sudden death of his wife the day before. Also, the hitherto unpublished correspondence of John Ruskin to his mother, describing his visits to France and Italy, his drawings there, and his grief over little Rose La Touche, which had taken away all his happiness in society. A collection of Scott's novels, uncut and in original boards, and the original drawings of Phiz for Martin Chuzzlewit and Nicholas Nickleby, will draw collectors of modern books; while a good Second Folio and a fine fifteenth century MS. of English Statutes with portraits of the kings will attract collectors of earlier works.

Messrs. Christie close their salerooms with a sale of modern pictures on Thursday, August 3, and Messrs. Sotheby finish their season on Friday next with a sale of Old English furniture, and after that silence will echo through the rooms for a time, while the customary frequenters, salesmen, and collectors separate for the holidays till the work of preparation begins once again. It is pleasant to be able to record that there has been a definite improvement in the sales, better things and better prices, the latter always producing the former. The two outstanding features of the season have fallen to Messrs. Sotheby, who had the satisfaction of obtaining a record price for the First Folio, £14,500, at the Rosebery sale at the end of June, and the large sum of £9,200 for the six sketches of Rubens on June 21. The picture which obtained the highest price was "The Woody Landscape," by Hobbema, sold at Messrs. Christie's on June 23 for £3,255.

Limp work losing . . .

but who said GINGER ALE?

The man who 'knows a thing or two' will tell you there's no better drink than ginger ale, dry or sweet, with a slice of lemon — or with a dash of whisky or brandy.

– therefore **Schweppes**

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

MISS GLADYS COOPER and her new 3-litre 6-cylinder Hotchkiss "Monaco" saloon. The standard body has been fitted with a Tickford Head by Messrs. Salmons and Sons of Newport Pagnell

BRITISH COACHWORK FOR MOROCCO: A four-wheel governess car and a Canterbury phaeton which Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., have recently completed to the order of the Sultan of Morocco

THE PETROL WORLD:

By A. PERCY BRADLEY
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

The Parking Problem at the Seaside—Inadequate and Inconvenient Accommodation: An Efficient London Garage: A Locking Device that would Assist the Police in Combating the Bandit Menace: 1,500 Camping and Caravanning Sites

During the summer months the parking problem becomes more acute, and the drivers of cars become more annoyed than is their usual wont. Very few public bodies or owners of private property who cater for the motorist thoroughly appreciate the position. A motorist uses his car for many reasons, and amongst these is its ability to land him and the other occupants right at the spot to which they wish to go. A car park, therefore, which is a quarter of a mile away from the motorist's exact destination, is not likely to be popular. I have heard it said by quite responsible people in more than one seaside town that they did not intend to go out of their way to assist the motorist and provide a suitable resting place for his car. Apparently they are under the impression that a large number of week-end car drivers go down to the sea on Saturday or Sunday and deposit their car in the municipal car park, take out a small attaché case, and promptly proceed to the sands, where they partake of the picnic fare brought with them.

Personally, I think that the number of this class of motorist is always greatly exaggerated, and if it is not then the local authorities could probably reduce the number by making certain that the simple picnic wants could be bought on the sea front. I feel certain that the chief reason why people picnic on the beach is because they believe they cannot obtain the simple cheap fare locally.

The other evening I was down at the seaside and I had the not unusual difficulty of finding a resting place for my car. All the car parks that I could see were full and then my trouble was to discover a garage. Fully a quarter of an hour was wasted looking round and I expect that other people have the same experience. When a visitor goes to a seaside town he invariably makes for the sea front. I would, therefore, suggest that at some central spot thereon a large scale map of the town should be painted and the various garages, cinemas, etc., plainly indicated. Perhaps I am peculiar, but I have a very marked dislike of stopping and asking anybody anything when I am motoring. I do not mind reading notices or going to any amount of trouble in that way, but even if I had not this particular dislike it is always difficult, and undesirable, to stop on a busy sea front and have a long conversation with a policeman or a taxi-driver.

There are two types of garages I frequent when I have to leave my car in London. One in the first category is quite close to the R.A.C. and St. James's Square and is situated in a mews right off Duke Street. It was originally a firm of jobmasters, and the various lock-ups, garaging space, etc., are arranged all round three sides of a hollow square. A large amount of business is done parking the cars actually in the square itself. I have tried many garages in London, but this one known as Smith's combines that desirable quality of efficiency with a large amount of common-sense and understanding. The other type of garage which I sometimes patronize is the ultra-modern, where everything is done almost to the sound of a whistle. The majority of these places are highly satisfactory, but there are too many who wrap everything up in red tape and issue innumerable tickets. I would like to warn the proprietors of these ultra-modern garages of the danger of being over systematized. Most motorists are usually in a hurry and have neither the time nor desire to rush round a huge building, having their tickets stamped and inspected; but what annoys them more than anything else is, after having done all this irksome business, to find that their car has been moved from one floor to another in their absence and that no one knows exactly where it is!

We have had up to the moment a very mixed summer and, although there have been days and frequently weeks of endless sunshine, we have had a very large amount of showery weather with showers that really drench. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the well-known Tickford coachwork is still as popular as ever, if not more so. I doubt if there is another body on the market to-day that can be changed so rapidly and so completely from a closed to an open car as the Tickford. The makers and patentees, Salmons and Son, although old-established are thoroughly up-to-date, and their latest activity is to convert new fixed top saloons and so-called sunshine saloons into Tickford heads. Although in the old days their attention was directed principally to body-work on large chassis, to-day they are equally at home with an Austin Seven or a Rolls-Royce.

Every day one reads in the newspapers of cars being stolen by bandits and used on their nefarious raids. These cars are usually found abandoned some miles away from the scene of the crime, and are in nine cases out of ten returned to the owners by the police little the worse for their adventure. Nevertheless, it is very disconcerting and annoying to find your garage broken into and your car stolen, and then to receive a telephone message some hours later to the effect that the car was found in such-and-such a place. It is also quite often happens that cars are stolen when left unattended in the roadway, and I feel sure that this practice could be successfully overcome if owners took the trouble to fit a locking device to their cars. Whilst I would not go so far as to say that the various car-locks on the market are perfect there are quite a few that are really efficient, and their use would materially assist the police to combat this menace. Then, again, I seriously suggest to motor car manufacturers that they should fit one of these locks as a standard part of their products. After all, the police cannot be expected to watch over all cars on the road to see that they do not run away without the permission of the owners. If locks were universally fitted a lot of trouble would be saved.

More and more motorists are taking to caravanning and camping for their holidays, and in fact so popular have they become that the Automobile Association has found it necessary to issue a booklet entitled *Caravan and Camp Sites* (1933). This publication is a companion to the A.A.'s *Caravanning and Camping*, and gives a comprehensive list of over 1,500 sites, with charges, postal address of site, accessibility for caravans, access to sea, and quite a lot of other information which will be useful to the "gipsy" motorist.

Our manufacturers appear to have wakened up at last and realized the importance of capturing overseas markets, for according to reports the export figures of our well-known motor car manufacturers have increased considerably. A short time ago America had a big percentage of the export trade of the world, but British cars are gradually and surely ousting American models in what were once considered America's strongholds. The latest indication of this fact comes from Spain, where British cars have grown in popularity in recent years at an amazing pace, the Spanish Government itself recently ordering a fleet of Singer cars for official use.

It has repeatedly occurred to me that it would be an excellent plan if heads of departments of various factories engaged in one branch of motoring could visit the factories of those engaged in another sphere of the petrol world. For instance, if all those who build motor boats could be sent to the Derby works of Messrs. Rolls-Royce Ltd., a large number of those who made the trip would come back armed with the knowledge of how to improve their own product. The average motor boat is, in my opinion, not nearly so far advanced in design as the average motor car, yet there is no reason why both industries should not be on the same level in this direction. Then there are many parts of some aeroplanes which make my flesh creep and which would horrify most trained mechanical or automobile engineers. It would, however, be for the benefit of all if there could be some interchange of visits and ideas, and I am quite certain that those who were singled out for these journeys to other factories would not only have a thoroughly interesting time, but also would come away having seen different ways of doing the various jobs on which they themselves are engaged, thereby increasing the efficiency and performance of the products of all three industries.

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL with a Morris Ten saloon in the foreground. This new model is already achieving considerable popularity in the East

WAKEFIELD

Castrol

THE PRODUCT OF AN
ALL-BRITISH FIRM

THE WORLD'S FASTEST OIL

THE CULT OF NATURAL BEAUTY

A CHARMINGLY SIMPLE COIFFURE

Created by Emile of Conduit Street, this coiffure shows the soft, shallow waves and the seemingly artless curls that are the vogue of the moment

Any ideal of feminine beauty is the natural and inevitable outcome of the age in which it flourishes. It lies always in the eye of the beholder, and is circumscribed in no set limits. But, generally speaking, it does conform to certain rules. The swing of the pendulum gives prominence first to this type, then to that, and now after a period when artificiality has been regarded as "amusing" it is bringing back the recognition of beauty that is seemingly untouched by art.

"Seemingly" is a word that is used advisedly, for few women can really afford to let their face and hair look after itself.

Simplicity, that gives a clear impression of youth, is the keynote of the coiffures of the moment. Loose, shallow waves cause the hair to cling closely to the head, outlining its shape and creating an effect of unstudied neatness. Only the ends break free, and these are curled loosely with a strategy that is definitely not as artless as it looks, clustering lightly on the nape of the neck and giving a softened expression to the face.

Cutting is, of course, of supreme importance, and can only be safely entrusted to an artist in this work. How well Emile of Conduit Street merits such a title may be judged from the two illustrations on this page. His newly installed system of Point Winding enables the hair to be permanently curled at the ends with only the most delicate impression of waves above. It leaves it lustrous and easy to manage, and is ideal for white hair which it does not discolour in the slightest degree.

As an antidote to that "end of the Season" feeling, when one is apt to be thoroughly depressed about one's appearance, a new style of coiffure, especially created to emphasize the good points of the face and to camouflage those that are not so pleasing, is unrivalled. It is in this form of creative art that Emile excels, and a visit to his salons can work wonders on one's general outlook.

LIFE FROM WITHIN.—Ceaseless renewal is the first law of Nature. Completely ruthless, she discards that which is outgrown and pays no heed to anything that cannot develop at the rate she specifies. So great are the changes that take place in the human body that a complete cycle is achieved every seven years. In youth the growing tissues and nerves renew themselves automatically, but as the months go by and the daily wear and tear continue they begin to respond less quickly—to gradually lag behind, and so faint traces of age appear.

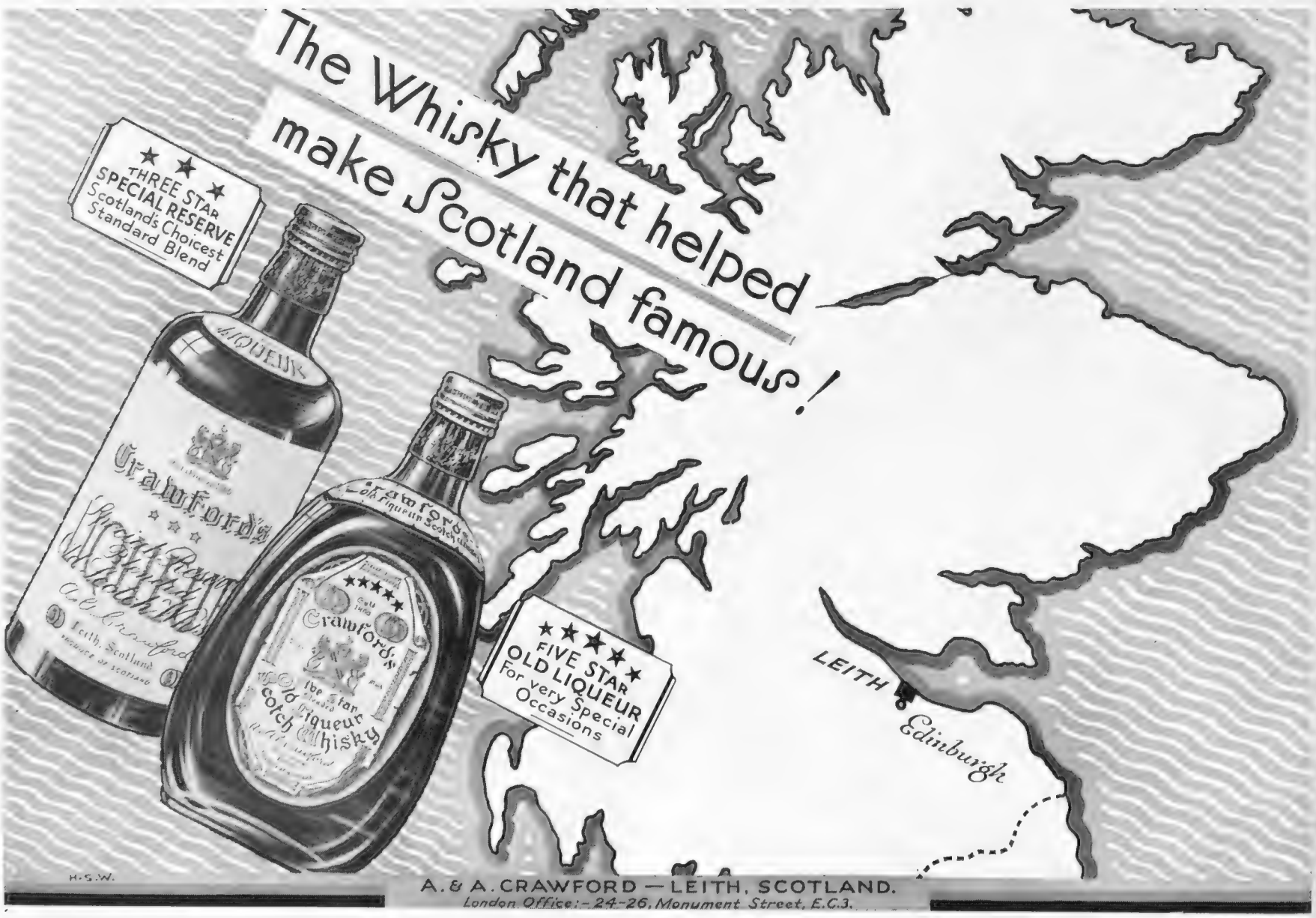
Inevitably they are first noticeable in the face. From about the thirtieth year (or sometimes even earlier) the skin is apt to grow dry and to show signs of discoloration. Small wrinkles become discernible, the delicate facial muscles slacken, and the flesh loses its firmness. Obviously this disastrous progress is gradual, and since it is entirely due to under-activity of the glands, nerves, cells, and blood that are combined in the structure of the entire skin, it is a state of affairs which can be arrested indefinitely.

The improvement and care of the skin need patience, for surface attention is not sufficient. Nor are spasmodic bursts of enthusiasm of much account. Many eminent scientists have devoted years of study to the problem of prolonging the appearance and enjoyment of youth.

Dr. J. F. Kapp, of Leipzig—a specialist of great repute in the scientific world—after sixteen years of experiment, has discovered a way of preventing, by internal medication, the decay of the capillaries, so that they are able to function rapidly and efficiently, repairing naturally the ravages of time. He sponsors W. 5 tablets (the name he has given to his preparation) which are claimed not only to cure skin troubles but, by their action on the blood, to rejuvenate the whole constitution. These facts are vouched for by a number of doctors who have watched the effect of the tablets on their patients. Their testimony, together with a host of interesting facts and illustrations, is contained in a book which will be sent free to anybody who writes to the Gelty Distributing Company, 162A, Oxford Street, W.1.

TO REVEAL THE MODELLING OF THE HEAD

For the evening a very youthful style which reveals the modelling of the head. This is another Emile coiffure which is outstandingly picturesque and is suitable for dark or fair hair



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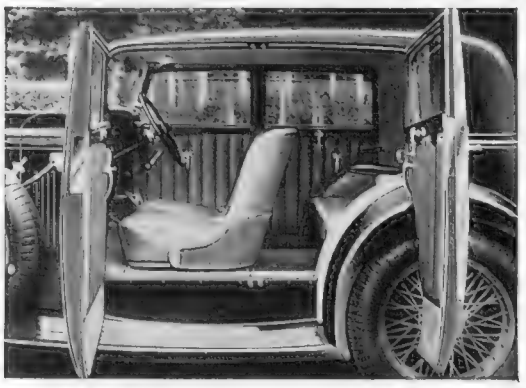

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THREATENED LONDON

(Continued from p. 184)

Barry planned the great building, but the erections were Pugin's. He received £400 from Barry for his initial work, which extended from 1835 to 1837, when a rupture occurred. "Pugin had had enough of ghosting," and of subterfuges which "effectually blinded all but the principals." Seven years elapsed before Barry persuaded Pugin to resume the connection; thereafter is a bitter story of Pugin slaving away at drawings and literally working himself to death.

The most astonishing episode occurs after Pugin's tragic demise. Pugin's widow mentions that she has in her possession letters from Sir Charles Barry covering the vital period of 1835–6. Sir Charles invites the young Pugin, aged twenty-three, to dine with him and bring the letters so that they may go over them together.

"Edward Pugin did so; conversation turned on other topics; when Edward Pugin was leaving, Barry said: 'Oh, by the bye, did you bring those letters with you?' Edward Pugin said that they were in his great-coat pocket; Barry said that it was too late to go through them that night, and asked Edward Pugin to leave them behind. He did so. There were seventy-six of them. They have not been seen since."

FASHIONS IN STOCKINGS

(Continued from p. 185)

ornamented or edged with lace, falling over the boots, as can be seen in many of the portraits of the day. Elaborate garters were used, mostly in the form of silk scarves, fringed with lace, or gold-knotted ends, tied under the knee. A century later garters were no longer visible, the stockings being brought up and rolled over the knee. The stockings were richly clocked with gold or silver thread. Owing to their long full dresses women did not show their stockings, but they followed the men's fashion.

The English colonists in America were obliged for a very long time to buy most of their clothing in England, leaving their local tailors to make suits for their servants or to carry out repairs. The leading families sent orders to their agents in London for dresses, coats, breeches, shoes, stockings, etc., and it is from these documents which remain that we know something of the customary wardrobe of our forefathers. Sometimes, too, people in England from the big towns would send out, under the charge of a "super-cargo," things which they thought would be sure to sell in the New World. We find, for instance, that in 1667, Walter Banesly sent one of these "ventures," as they were termed, to William Pitkin in Hartford, containing:

10 paire men's silke hose 17s. per paire
2 paire women's silke hose, 16s. per paire
10 paire women's greene hose.

The mention of green stockings reminds us that though all colours were worn up till about 1730, green was decidedly the most popular, as almost every inventory proves. Then suddenly there came a passion for pure white stockings—ladies would wear nothing but white silk or fine white thread stockings. As the dresses were always about ankle length, the exposure of the stocking was but slight, but it was enough to alarm certain guardians of the decencies, who saw in colourless stockings something approaching nudity! They certainly could be seen in the stately steps of the dances, or in getting over a stile, or in stepping into a coach. Quaker women, who wore grey or white woollen stockings, were warned, on the other hand, against the wearing of scarlet or purple stockings—and of shortening their petticoats on purpose to show them.

Every girl learned to knit, and in the Plantations, as the early American colonies were called, at any rate, they began as soon as their tiny fingers could hold needles. So it continued till factories turned out silk stockings of a finer texture than ever could be knit by hand.

THE £ s. d. OF YACHTING

(Continued from p. 171)

pay a crew of rather more than twenty. In addition to their weekly wage there is a daily cash allowance on which they feed themselves.

Every member of the crew draws "winning money" which varies according to the class of yacht and whether it is a first, second or third prize won, but in many quarters there is "losing money" as well, that is to say, an extra allowance for every day's racing, no matter what the result may be. It should be pointed out that a day's racing means that the men have to be about very early in the morning and may finish any time at night, with very little breathing space during the day and meals snatched as and when possible.

In addition to these items uniform is a big expense to the yacht owner who likes things done in style. Every hand has a working rig of canvas or duck for sailing, the ordinary working rig with blue jersey, etc., and the smart going ashore suit, practically all of them made to measure by the regular yachting outfitters. All these uniforms have to be renewed every season and frequently, between times, canvas deck shoes alone being a considerable item.

Although most of the running expenses of yachting are incurred during the summer months when the boats are in commission, a generous allowance must be made to cover laying-up costs during the winter. All big yachts are drawn out of the water on to a slipway and then moved into a convenient spot in the yard; the establishments which have facilities for doing that naturally expect a big rent. Then a good deal of expensive labour is incurred in preparing the ship for her winter quarters, taking the masts out, varnishing them and storing them away, carefully examining all the canvas and stowing it in stores which have to be perfectly ventilated, free of any suspicion of damp and properly fitted for their purpose, and all wire has to be very carefully examined and greased to prevent it deteriorating during the winter months. Laying a boat up is therefore a big expense and it has to be repeated when she is recommissioned.

Against all this must be placed the prize money, for practically every race carries with it cash prizes even when there is a cup or trophy as well. Unfortunately these cash prizes have not gone up since the war in proportion to the cost of racing, and very few clubs can offer more than £50 for a first prize, although it is sometimes £80 and very occasionally £100, generally when the town off which the regatta is held finds it worth its while to contribute. The second prize will be from £25 to £30 and the third from £15 to £20, but by the time all expenses have been paid there is very little left to the successful owner.

The actual running expenses of one of the crack yachts may be taken at about £200 a week, or £4,000 for the average season apart from overhead charges. It seems a large sum until it is compared with the costs of, for instance, a racing stable, and it certainly offers definitely more sport for the man who handles his own boat—and has the pleasure of really being able to partake in the sport instead of being confined to watching his servants handle his property for him and, if he is lucky, getting him some of his outlay back from the bookmakers.

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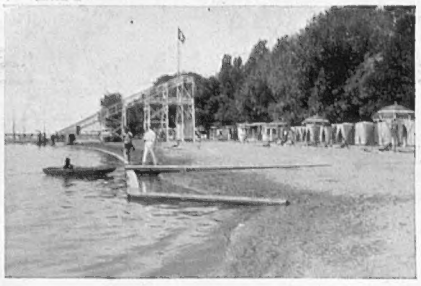
LAUSANNE: A general view of the city with the snow-capped Alps of Savoy in the distance

THE GOLF COURSE: The second green at "En Marin" on the heights above Lausanne



SWIMMING AT LAUSANNE-OUCHY PLAGE: A view of the up-to-date bathing beach and water chute

THE UNIVERSITY: For four centuries Lausanne has been a centre of intellectual culture

THE CHARM of LAUSANNE

There are many reasons why Lausanne is an ideal spot for a summer holiday, but to my mind the chief is that it is a place of such all-round charm. It has a delightful situation high up on some of the lower spurs of the Jura Range of mountains, and commanding a glorious view of the snow-capped Alps of the Savoy, crowned by Mont Blanc, with the blue expanse of the Lake of Geneva for a foreground, a summer climate which ranges from the genial warmth by the lake shore of its suburb, Ouchy, which is so desirable for aquatic pleasures, to a bracing coolness on the uplands of Sauvabelin, which renders sport and exercise there so enjoyable, and it has all the refinements of a large city, with a keen intellectual life and an historic past, with excellent facilities for transport, and a selection of hotels unsurpassed in Switzerland.

Then the layout of the place is so attractive. Terraced on the hill-sides, with gently-graded roads, lined with spreading shade trees, linking one level with another, its white villas embowered amid foliage, looking on to lovely parks, Lausanne is one of the most picturesque of cities. Built first by the Helvetians, and then rebuilt by the Romans, by the lake shore, this site proved too open to attack, and it was removed to the hill tops 1,500 years ago.

There, in the course of time, a fine town uprose, later graced with a cathedral embodying glories of Gothic art which form Lausanne's priceless heritage to-day, and when the town, raised to the rank of an Imperial city by the Emperor Sigismund, later embraced the Protestant faith and became the headquarters of the Vaudois, giving sanctuary to any who were oppressed on account of their religious convictions, it drew within its folds men of science and letters, merchants of wealth, and skilled craftsmen, who speedily achieved for Lausanne an all-round eminence, raising it to the level of one of the most enlightened cities of the world.

PLACE DE LA PALUD: In the old quarter of Lausanne

Prosperity enabled it to grow apace and at length it spread upwards to the wooded heights of Sauvabelin, almost 1,000 ft. above the lake level, and downwards to the lake, where, to-day, the pretty suburb of Ouchy provides for Lausanne all the amenities of a first-class lake-side resort, whilst the gently-sloping hill-side between is graced with beautiful parks, the charming homes of wealthy citizens, and spacious hotels, such as the Savoy and Beau Rivage, standing in the midst of extensive grounds and affording magnificent views of the distant snow-clad peaks of Savoy.

Scattered as it is, so delightfully, over such a wide expanse of hillside, Lausanne presents no difficulties of transport. An excellent tramways system provides for cheap and speedy communication between all parts, and this is supplemented by motor buses, which also afford the advantage of excursions to all places of interest in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, and these are many indeed. In this manner it is possible to spend your morning playing golf on an eighteen-hole course, 2,800 ft. above sea level, where the turf has a greenness and freshness imparted by the mountain dew which make it a joy to behold, where the greens and fairway are in splendid condition, and there is a delightful club house, and the view of glorious fir and pine forest near by and the distant Alps of Savoy is superb, and to put in an afternoon on the lake shore, where there is one of the finest *plages* in Europe, a wide, sandy beach, lined with beautiful shade trees, and green lawns beneath, where, after a delicious swim, you may bask in the sun and then cool in the shade!

The Lausanne-Ouchy *plage* is fitted with all the up-to-date contrivances that youth to-day demands—chute, floating ladder, nautical hammock, pneumatic boat, and facilities for such sport as aqua-planing and water hockey, and gymnastic exercise on land after the amusement afloat. The arrangement of the tents on the well-shaded beach is admirable, a boarded foot-way facing each, with sufficient space between to avoid congestion, whilst the provision of a beach café, which serves refreshments on the lawn completes a picture that is as near as possible perfect.

Close at hand, too, are facilities for yachting and fishing and rowing on the lake, and a stadium equipped with cinder track, tennis courts, and grounds for football and hockey, so that Lausanne can claim to cater for its sporting visitor in a very all-round manner. Moreover, during the present season a number of important competitions in golf, tennis, athletics, yachting, and rowing will be held, and an international meeting of aviation, lending additional interest to a holiday in this charming lakeside resort.

Edward E. Long

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

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Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Do.	Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som.	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
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Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
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